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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND GERMANY

THE *Living Age* is printing this week and next two articles by M. Jacques Lux, a French economist, which are so clear in exposition and objective in character that they might have been written by a disinterested neutral. In the first paper M. Lux ascribes most of the difficulties of the present situation to the neglect on the part of the negotiators at Versailles to fix the sum of Germany's indebtedness, compelling her to 'sign a blank check,' as well as to their failure to support the democratic movement in both Germany and Russia from the first. The opinion expressed by the Paris press to-day, to the effect that France is now getting out of the Ruhr enough to pay for her operations there, is not shared by M. Lux.

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SAXONY A SOVIET STATE?

THE progress of the revolutionary idea in Russia is watched with interest by the whole world, the great majority of people doubtless taking for granted that Soviet Communism will develop, more or less slowly, through various phases of radicalism into some sort of liberal democracy, probably strongly tinged with Socialism. There are many, however, who regard the menace of undiluted Sovietism itself as real and even formidable, basing their belief upon the vast number of discontented inhabitants of Europe who form a particularly receptive field for Soviet promises and methods.

It has become a commonplace to remark that further ill-treatment of Germany will throw her into the arms of Soviet Russia, a result which would, of course, completely change the whole character of Europe, and create a situation that would lead to another tremendous continental if not world conflict. Hence the significance of recent political events in the Republic of Saxony, the birthplace of Bebel, a country that has been for many years, on account of its great manufacturing centres, the hotbed of social-democracy as well as all varieties of radicalism. For this reason Saxony has been, besides Berlin, the object of Moscow's particular attention, Soviet representatives being kept constantly in Dresden in order to take instant advantage of any political shift.

It is the opinion of many public men in Europe that the Russian leaders have deliberately made up their minds to use Saxony as the thin edge of the Soviet wedge in Germany. An examination of Saxony's recent history and present situation seems to lend some

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color to this conclusion, especially the recent change of Government. The last cabinet was of purely Socialist composition, but maintained itself solely by the help of the Communists, though these were but ten in number. The present Government is in an exactly similar position except for one very significant consideration — namely, that, on the formation of the new cabinet, an arrangement in all form was drawn up, by which the assistance of the Communists was assured, the coalition thus receiving, as it were, official recognition.

How this is regarded in Communist circles is apparent from the programme of a large meeting of Socialists lately held in Dresden, in which it was openly and officially announced that the Communist Party considered the establishment in Germany of a Soviet Republic, with Saxony as the first stage, as a legitimate and commendable object. One of the speakers expressed the opinion that the basis of bourgeois life in Saxony was so decayed that it would yield easily to Soviet methods the moment pressure was seriously applied; it was but a matter of awaiting the psychological moment. An examination of the agreement between the Saxon Socialists and the Communists shows it to contain much that is directly unconstitutional. Though the Soviet phraseology is avoided, the fact remains that the agreement calls for the execution of purely Bolshevist measures.

The *Sozialdemokratischer Parlamentsdienst* warns against the Soviet agencies in Germany, and says: 'Chance offered us an opportunity to glance at the books of the "Headquarters of the Communist Party in Germany" in Berlin. We read: "Expenses for the month of August: 23,750,000 marks; contribution from Moscow, 30,000,000 marks. For September, 50,250,000 marks; from Moscow, 47,500,000." German Communists appear to be pretty well taken care of by the Soviet Government.'

The German Government is naturally not blind to the danger. Not long ago the Prussian Minister of the Interior, Severing, bitterly resented the Soviet proposal to furnish certain badly disguised Communistic 'defense companies' with arms. 'We really cannot be as altruistic as all that. We cannot hold out a welcoming hand to suicide. Do the Communists believe that a Government whose duty it is to uphold law and order will be willing to furnish them the arms for its own destruction?'

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PORTUGUESE STABILITY

It has been rather the fashion to despise the Portuguese politically and to doubt the possibility of their attaining real democracy. We do not stop to think that even the young United States, with a democratic tradition of centuries behind it, could hardly have been described as a perfect republic fifteen years after the Declaration of Independence. How much less right have we to expect democratic perfection in a nation without a vestige of republicanism in all its history?

While it is almost impossible for a foreigner to understand the manœuvres, or even the political tenets, of the many Portuguese factions, there is reason to believe that the settling-down process has begun in the ancient country. It is significant, for example, that practically all of the Parliamentary groups have agreed that the present Government shall be continued in power. Another slight but wholesome sign is the founding by a group of intellectuals of a review, *A Seara Nova*, for the purpose of encouraging nonpartisan politics, beginning with the formation

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of a coalition or nonpartisan Cabinet. Little by little this group has been joined by many influential citizens who are not of the very numerous professional politician class, and a programme was lately put forth, avoiding politics and stressing economic, financial, and educational issues. This is the second of these nonpartisan movements within a short time, that headed by Megalhaes Lima having failed on account of insufficient preparation, factional opposition, and the dislike of the President of the Republic for the rather radical programme proposed.

The programme of the present nonpartisans is also radical in character, steering a course between royalism and clericalism, and aiming at the real democratization of the country by educational means.

As in other countries, the rise in the cost of living is one of Portugal's most difficult problems, the causes being the eight-hour-day law, the rise in wages, the depreciation of currency, and profiteering, all of which have a familiar ring and must be met in a manner which accords with the peculiar conditions of the country. Portugal has a bright future. She is rich in resources, and she will advance more rapidly as soon as she puts into effect more wisely the ordinary laws of economics and learns more about the organization of industry. She needs experience — time.

Her last political act, by the way, was to ratify the two Nine-Power treaties negotiated by the Washington Armaments Conference, thus completing the approval by the respective Powers of the Conference conventions, with the single exception of France.

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THE 'STAB IN THE BACK'

Dr. Curt Rosenberg, in the April 2 number of the Socialist chauvinist weekly, *Die Glocke*, attempts to demolish the legend of the 'stab in the back,' so dear to the German military apologist. The crux of his rather extensive article may be found in the following words: —

'The legend of the "stab in the back" is now appearing in a new edition to fit the situation in the Ruhr. The original form, it will be remembered, was to the effect that the morale of our unbeaten army in the field was undermined to such an extent by treacherous intrigues at home that on that account alone, and not because of the enemy's superiority, the continuation of the war was rendered impossible and the debacle ensued. This, however, by no means resulted from any disloyal double-dealing at home, but was simply the natural consequence of a long-drawn-out war the real character of which, though insisted upon as a war of defense, could not be reconciled by the people's conscience with the continuous annexation-propaganda of the Pan-Germans in power. Furthermore, the fighting took place almost entirely in the enemy's territory, and was officially always reported to the people as successful. Under such circumstances, when more and more sacrifices in blood and treasure are demanded of the people, there is bound to be an unfavorable reaction; the multitude becomes impatient and refractory and longs for peace at any price. To bring this about, intrigues and plots are by no means necessary. The result develops of itself, because the germ of it exists already.'

The writer states here very clearly the psychology of the German revolution; and, though he draws a very striking parallel with the revolt of the French against Napoleon, he might have rested his case with the above words, which show the futility of searching for outside influences.

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THE ETA CLASS IN JAPAN

FEW foreigners have any idea of the local racial and political difficulties obtaining in many parts of Japan. There are, for example, between two and three million people in the Empire belonging to a class, or caste, called *Eta* (defiled folks), probably descended from prisoners of war or enslaved criminals of ancient times. To them, and to another outcaste class, the *Hinin*, were assigned such duties as tending tombs, burying the dead, and slaughtering animals. They were originally forbidden to marry with any of the higher classes, or even to eat with them.

Although officially enfranchised in 1871, they have not yet outlived the deeply rooted repugnance with which they have been regarded for ages. Of late there has been a good deal of agitation among this class, the members of which are still regarded as pariahs, for equal treatment with other Japanese. The *Japanese Advertiser* of March 22 gives the following account of this situation: —

'Fifty years ago, when discriminatory treatment was officially abolished, their population was approximately put at 400,000, which had become doubled by 1907. Even making some allowance for the inaccuracy of the statistics, the fact remains that the Eta population is on the increase. The Emperor Meiji, with his farsightedness, abolished all discrimination against this despised class fifty years ago, and yet the force of habit among the general public is so strong that official abolition has not made the lot of the outcastes any better.

'In schools Eta children are so despised that other children refuse to associate with them. Eta teachers are held in such abhorrence by their students that they are obliged to change their posts constantly. In the army Eta conscripts are always treated badly by their comrades, and it is well-nigh impossible for them to become officers. Intermarriages between them and ordinary people are a matter of supreme difficulty. Nor is it easy for them to obtain employment in Government offices.

'This is certainly a state of things which demands a speedy remedy. This necessity has been felt by many people of late years, and movements have been started to put an end to this social evil.

'It is most incongruous, not to say disgraceful, that the Japanese should accord discriminatory treatment to a class which is an integral part of their own nation. We admit that the Home Office has hitherto done something to do away with this discriminatory treatment, but we regret that its efforts have been misdirected in most cases. Its efforts have been mainly directed to the reform of Eta villages, or to the improvement of the life and customs among the outcastes, to the neglect of the more important necessity of removing the prejudices of ordinary people against the class.

'It is true that there are points regarding their life and customs which call for reform, but it must be remembered that their reform will go but little way to improve the general situation, unless the prejudices and the hostile attitude of ordinary people against them are done away with. To reform the life and customs of the Eta people is important, but it is of greater importance that effective steps should be taken to correct the mistaken ideas and the inhumane treatment of the outcastes by the general public. It is the duty of the Government to see that in schools, in the barracks, and anywhere else all discriminatory treatment is done away with once and for all.'

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ZOO VERSUS MENAGERIE

'A LINNET in a cage
Puts all nature in a rage!'

sang the poet Blake, and it is a wholesome sign of the times, among so many bad ones, that the world, which is beginning to recognize the rights of what we call the 'lower animals,' cares less and less to see animals and birds confined in cages. The day of the menagerie, with its rows of narrow prison-cells, is passing, and the day of the zoölogical park or garden, in which the captive creature enjoys at least a semblance of the surroundings of its wild life, has arrived. The famous London Zoo has just received a new superintendent in the person of Dr. G. M. Vevers, whose ideas are thus remarked upon by the *Manchester Guardian:* —

'An Oxford Professor of Philosophy was once well known for his tirades against the men of science who mistook classification for knowledge. His grievance is one that fortunately diminishes; and in the matter of natural history it is particularly noticeable that the old science of paper armies with Latin names is making way for a kind of knowledge that prefers the living animal to the dead specimen and brings to its study of life an imagination and emotional delight.

'The remarks made by Dr. Vevers, the newly appointed superintendent of the London Zoo, are thoroughly in keeping with the new tradition of respect for life in all its phases and conditions. He believes that the public should be attracted to the study of animal behavior, a doctrine which of course implies that the animal must have a chance to vary its actions, to move freely, and to be its true self as far as captivity allows. The shabby tiger that turns with cramped, monotonous movements in the wretched prison-cell of a traveling menagerie might as well be a stuffed specimen as far as the public is concerned. To display its fearful symmetry it must enjoy a kinder opportunity.

'Thus in all properly conducted exhibitions of animals there is a growing tendency to reproduce the natural conditions, and above all to give shade cover and retreat from the oppression of the human eye. The beast that is seen at his best is the beast that quite often cannot be seen at all. What is aimed at is that the public should not go to gape at a peep show full of meaningless freaks and wonders, but should realize the animal as a sentient fellow creature. A good deal might be gained by the institution of trained guides in zoölogical gardens, as in museums and galleries, with the object of creating for the sightseers a fuller vision of the web of life and all its intricate adjustments.

'After all, the only justification for keeping wild animals in captivity is the educational value of such a collection. The educational aspect must not be understood in a pedantic sense. The need is not for the knowledge of names, but for the eye trained to see and enjoy the beauty of color and movement in which nature expresses its magnificent energy and purpose.'

MINOR NOTES

TOKYO, like Canton, is rapidly converting itself into an Occidental city. The principal streets have been improved, the modern drainage system is being extended, and the City Council has even inaugurated welfare work among the poorer classes such as we are accustomed to associate with Western initiative. Among other things, a municipal dining-hall has been opened at Sakamoto Park, where meals are served for the modest equivalent of five cents in American currency

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for a breakfast, and seven and one half cents for luncheon and supper. This enterprise has proved a great success, and the average number of patrons is five thousand daily. Primary schools for training artisans, where boys are taught printing and carpentry, have also been established.

HARDLY has the new constitution of India begun to function, when it is put to a very severe test, if not a critical one. This is described by the *Spectator* as follows: 'A situation has arisen such as it was obvious to everyone would sooner or later arise, and to meet which the framers of the Constitution set up a certain, definite remedy. This remedy has now been applied and we may judge of its efficacy. To be particular, the Legislative Assembly have twice rejected the Government's proposal to double the salt tax, in order to fill the gap of some £2,666,000 between expenditure and revenue. The Government was unable to effect further retrenchments, and the Legislative Assembly made no alternative proposal for raising the revenue. Hence Lord Reading, the Governor-General, considered that the measure was "essential to the interests of British India" within the meaning of the Government of India Act. Accordingly he used his powers under section 67B of that Act to "certify" the measure — in other words, to declare it law over the head of the Assembly.'

THE capability of being shocked is an extremely personal matter. A filibuster in Congress defeats the undoubted will of the country, and a few people feel that all is not what it should be, but are by no means goaded into action on the subject. Twelve million wild animals are caught every year in steel traps in North America, suffering varying degrees of agony, millions of them to the death, and people exclaim 'How awful!' and go on doing nothing about it.

But there are many people who will be both shocked and surprised to hear that there is one settled and somewhat civilized country left in the world, namely, Abyssinia, where a system of human slavery still obtains. And this is not only the variety of social and economic life that is more or less inevitable in most parts of that country, but real slave-raiding of the old-fashioned, brutal kind, which has rendered derelict the once populous and semicultivated regions of Lake Rudolf, Uganda, and Kenya, the inhabitants of which have to a great extent been either massacred or carried off by bands of hillsmen from the central plateau of Abyssinia. The fault is said to lie, not with the laws and decrees of Adis Ababa, or his regent, Ras Tafari, but in their inability to enforce them. It seems a subject that might well interest the League of Nations.

THE price of agricultural land has more than doubled in France since 1914, though it has not risen to correspond with the declining value of the franc, measured in gold. Crop lands now sell for about 1000 paper francs an acre. Meanwhile the price of wheat has quadrupled, the price of wine has multiplied from five to ten fold, and the price of cattle has risen to five or six times what it was before the war.

Agricultural laborers are paid from 2500 to 3500 francs a year, with food and lodging. Young lads receive from one half to two thirds this amount. Farm wages have trebled in nominal value during the war, though they have actually declined if measured by purchasing power.

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ALLIED POLITICS SINCE THE ARMISTICE

BY JACQUES LUX

[*A second article by M. Lux will discuss the economic crises, the consequences of the Allies' policy, and the measures needed to remedy the situation.*]

From *La Grande Revue, March*
(PARIS LIBERAL LITERARY MONTHLY)

To put it concisely, what we are pleased to call 'Allied Politics' is nothing more nor less than the bitter clash of interests between the two principal and most powerful comrades-in-arms, since the United States has practically withdrawn from participation in European affairs. I refer, of course, to Great Britain and France.

There is no doubt that the British Government, influenced by the traditional policy of Great Britain, has not viewed the question of Reparations from the same angle as have the several French Governments which have been in power since the Armistice. Under these circumstances it behooves us frankly to consider whether our course has really been such as to lead to the solution of this problem so set about with difficulties.

The surprise evinced by many Frenchmen at England's present attitude finds its explanation in our ignorance of *the traditional policy of Great Britain.*

THE POLICY OF GREAT BRITAIN

History teaches us that there is scarcely a nation which, at one time or another, has not aimed at the political hegemony of Europe, if not of the world. But not one has done this with so much energy and continuity as England, irrespective of the particular party in power. To this traditional policy she owes her immense colonial empire, her mastery of the seas, the enormous prestige which she enjoys in world politics, and, finally, her financial and economic power.

It has become almost banal to say that the international policy of England is determined solely by her economic interests, in which, let us not forget, sentiment is allowed no part. It would be self-deception to imagine for a moment that the disappearance of Mr. Lloyd George from the official stage will result in any serious change in British foreign policy. The form may perhaps be affected, but the basis will remain immutable. The policy of the Bonar Law Government, notably at the Lausanne Conference and since the occupation of the Ruhr, leaves no doubt of this. It must not be forgotten that it was under a British Liberal Ministry that the French evacuated Egypt. And it was an eminent Conservative statesman who, in a striking summary, enunciated, once for all, the foreign policy of Great Britain, which has served, and no doubt will continue to serve, as the political chart for all British Governments of whatever party. It was Lord Salisbury, at Manchester in 1879, who said in the course of a speech which has remained memorable: —

'The Occupation of Cyprus was merely following out the traditional policy of the English Government for a long time past. When the interest of

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Europe was centred in the conflicts that were waged in Spain, England occupied Gibraltar. When the interest of Europe was centred in the conflicts that were being waged in Italy, England occupied Malta; and now that there is a chance that the interests of Europe will be centred in Asia Minor or in Egypt, England has occupied Cyprus. There is nothing new in the policy; we do not claim to have anything new in our policy. Our claim is that we follow the tradition that has been handed down to us, with but one very disastrous interruption, for a long succession of Governments.'

As a matter of fact, British policy for more than a century has not deviated from this vital and immutable tradition of which Lord Salisbury merely reminded us. It dates from the second half of the seventeenth century, when, after the destruction of the Dutch fleet, England secured the domination of the seas, a domination which she has never since allowed to be taken from her.

Subsequently, with the creation and the growth of her colonial possessions, this domination became for her a question of life and death, on account of the profound transformation that took place in her economic life at home. Industrialism enjoyed a vast development and agriculture declined simultaneously on account of the exodus of the country people, who flocked to the cities and industrial centres. In this manner England was transformed into a country which depended on the importation of raw materials for its factories and of food products for the nourishment of its inhabitants.

On the other hand, on the economic principle of barter, products were exchanged for products, and England was obliged to rely upon the exportation of her manufactures. She thus speedily developed, by force of circumstances, into a world state, protected by a powerful navy which from that time on had to be the mightiest in existence. For the security of the ocean lanes over which passed the raw materials and food products essential to her life, she could not afford to tolerate another naval force capable of disputing with her the empire of the seas.

The keystone of Britain's colonial empire is India with its 300,000,000 inhabitants. From India she receives cotton, cereals, rice, sugar, precious metals, and other materials. Thus it is easy to see why she must retain military control of the Mediterranean, in order to keep open her line of communication with India, along which Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, and Egypt are but advanced bases.

Not only could England tolerate no rival world-power, but she has always viewed with a decidedly hostile eye any nation which aspired to the hegemony of Europe. The long rivalry between England and France had no other cause. But for the naval ambitions of Louis XIV an alliance might have been formed between the two nations. England carried on a long and costly conflict with Napoleon I on account of his policy of domination, which, one might say, he succeeded in extending over all Europe. And thus he came to dream even of a naval offensive against England.

After Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo, England, feeling that her colonies were safe and her world hegemony unchallenged for presumably a long time, showed little interest in the affairs of her allies at the Congress of Vienna. When the policy of Nicholas I of Russia aroused the suspicions of England in the Orient, the Crimean War very opportunely put an end to the imperialistic ambitions of the Tsars, just as later on Japan, Britain's ally, by smashing the Russian army at

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Mukden, put an end to Muscovite imperialism in the Far East, which had very seriously alarmed the Government at London. All this did not prevent Great Britain from remaining neutral during the war of 1870, for France was at that time the most powerful nation in Europe, whose merchant marine had made very substantial progress; nor from accepting, at the recent Washington Conference, the abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, demanded by the United States.

After the war of 1870, which terminated the preponderance of France in Europe and at the same time hindered the development of her merchant fleet, Great Britain for a time enjoyed a political breathing-spell, during which she was able to give her whole attention and energy to the exploitation of her colonies. The last quarter of the nineteenth century was marked by the extraordinary prosperity of these colonies, while during the same period Britain's naval and maritime development reached its apogee. She doubtless counted on her ability to maintain this marvelous state of affairs indefinitely.

But, toward the end of the nineteenth century, there appeared on the European horizon a people which lost little time in making its economic influence felt in the markets of the world, in which British industry and commerce had hitherto been supreme. The newcomer, moreover, did not content itself with competing with Britain in the field of trade, but, ambitious to make itself independent of British steamship-lines, proceeded to the creation, with astonishing rapidity, of a merchant marine which, at the outbreak of the war of 1914, had a tonnage of over five millions, and whose liberty of movement was guaranteed by a powerful and efficient navy. Possessing an army capable of repelling any attack on its land frontiers, it was justified in claiming the rôle of a world power, and insisting that for the future no great step in international life should be taken without consulting it.

In this manner Germany acquired the right to be considered by Great Britain as the dominating Continental Power, and, in consequence, as her direct antagonist in world politics, a position which her traditional policy could not tolerate. Therefore, by virtue of her traditions, England naturally ranged herself alongside those Continental Powers which were likely to have differences with the newcomer.

The audacious and astonishing Bagdad enterprise, whose history partakes of the sensational, was very wrongly considered to be purely a political measure, whereas, on the contrary, its object was one of economic penetration — in other words, a work of civilization of the first importance. But England looked upon it as a menacing point directed at her Indian Empire — and the Great War has swept Germany from the stage of world politics.

It has seemed profitable to recall to our compatriots in a few words this traditional policy of Great Britain, in order that they may understand clearly the attitude of these our neighbors, which has so disconcerted us since the signing of the Armistice, and particularly since our occupation of the Ruhr.

Germany crushed, deprived of her colonies, her navy and her merchant fleet, and, too, her economic and financial foreign-commerce system thoroughly disorganized, once again England, believing her world hegemony secure for a long period of time, returned to her own affairs. All through the negotiations of the Treaty of Versailles, her Government was dominated by the anxiety to secure for the British nation its indispensable supply of raw materials and food products, as

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well as the placing of its manufactures in the markets of the world.

So far as raw materials are concerned, a new factor entered into diplomatic calculations, the importance of which the war brought into high relief, both from a military and an economic point of view — namely, petroleum. We know what a rôle this combustible has played in British designs. Doubtless the surprise of the French public will be recalled when it learned that the rich petroleum-fields of the vilayet of Mosul had been handed over to the British. The truth is that this was nothing less than a revelation to the great majority of Frenchmen, if not to all. And this very fact explains the ease with which the British negotiators gained their point. They on their side were perfectly aware of the fact that the region in question was an immense reservoir of the precious combustible, a circumstance which doubtless was not unconnected with the bitter opposition of England to the German railway to Bagdad.

We are familiar with England's efforts to control the oil regions of the Caucasus. Having failed militarily, she endeavored afterward to gain her point by means of diplomacy, which is proved by certain steps taken at the Genoa Conference. In fact, perhaps oil is more responsible than anything else for the coolness which exists to-day between the two great nations. Mosul was the first shower-bath. The effects may be measured by the difficulty which the two countries are now experiencing in their efforts to find a common ground for the restoration of peace in Turkey and the solution of the Reparations problem.

So far as Turkey is concerned, economic requirements have compelled Britain to take a firm stand on the question of the Dardanelles, a vital one for her. A nation of commercial carriers, merchants, and sailors, she can hardly be expected to permit the existence of any system under which, at any moment, the passage of the Dardanelles and the Bosporus may be blocked by military, or even diplomatic, action. An important position in the economic life of Great Britain is filled by the Black Sea, the great port of exit for the raw materials and agricultural products of a large part of Russia, notably the Caucasus, of Rumania, and of Bulgaria. For this reason Britain would not hesitate, even by force of arms, to defend the freedom of the Straits. It will be remembered that this problem came up at Lausanne, but no decision has yet been arrived at.

It is evident, of course, that the fearful shock of the World War was too violent not to have jarred to some extent the foundations of her proud and imposing empire. This does not mean, let us hasten to say, that England is on the eve of losing her immense colonial possessions, though it is clear that her authority has become weaker. In Egypt she has had to grant autonomy. In India the same question calls for solution. One is justified in doubting whether England can much longer successfully resist the demand for self-government which the national party of this vast colony is making. The Allies indulged too often in the boast that the war was a kind of crusade undertaken for the liberties of peoples, who were thereafter to be the arbiters of their own destinies, not to have these fair promises taken seriously by those who aspire to self-government, an aspiration which sooner or later must be accorded satisfaction.

This problem does not affect Great Britain alone. Other nations find themselves, or will soon find themselves, confronted with the same difficulties — difficulties which the rather hasty fixing of frontiers, both by the Treaty of

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Versailles and by later agreements, has by no means decreased.

The Policy of France since the Armistice

While England endeavored to organize peace upon an economic basis — for us clearly a little too English in character — France seems to have preferred to give it a political foundation, as is shown by our military rôle in Poland, Czechoslovakia, and elsewhere. Here we have two opposing theses which have led to lamentable results. Without a shadow of doubt the thesis of France — namely, that the Reparations problem must take precedence over all others resulting from the war — was right. Unfortunately in solving this problem we have employed political means instead of economic. Our whole policy since the Armistice has been dominated by the idea of the economic annihilation of Germany, — the political factor, since her overthrow, not entering into the problem, — a conception bequeathed by M. Clemenceau to his successors. It is this same conception which is, in great part, the reason why our ruins have not yet been rebuilt.

M. Loucheur appears to have been about the only person to grasp the spirit in which our relations with Germany ought to be carried on. When a member of M. Clemenceau's Cabinet, he was in charge of the devastated departments and at the same time of the readaptation to peace conditions of our industries; and his several projects, including the Conference at Wiesbaden, even if they did not solve the questions posed by the Treaty of Versailles, nevertheless had the immense merit of proceeding in a practical way. The failure of these efforts is to be regretted, the more so because certain of our Allies did not discourage their citizens from renewing relations with the German industrial leaders, who have not been without influence in the Reparations question, and whose real motives, so far as France is concerned, have remained in the dark. Our political leaders, who are charged with the duty of executing both a treaty — which, according to the picturesque expression of a certain President of the Council, much resembles Roland's mare — and the political testament of M. Clemenceau, have totally neglected the economic point of view, unfortunately for our taxpayers and the inhabitants of the ravaged regions.

What is still more serious is that we have left the carrying-out of our policies in a way completely in the hands of the military, whose mistakes and maladroitness have alienated the sympathies of those people who were rather disposed to sympathize with that Ally whom they regarded as the least antipathetic — namely, France. From the moment of our occupation of German territory our military leaders, acting under the influence of the 'school of dismemberment' advocated by certain political and military writers, no doubt obsessed by the policy of Napoleon III, immediately set to work to detach the Rhineland from the rest of Germany. The least that can be said concerning this effort is that it was a mistake which the inhabitants of the districts in question, and still less Germans in general, are not likely to forgive.

And while we wanted to create in the occupied districts republics 'not severed politically from Germany,' our activities in Bavaria, on the other hand, tended toward the reëstablishment of the Wittelsbach monarchy, to which Austria was to be joined, as a counterpoise to the rest of Germany under the leadership of Prussia. This was simply a repetition of the policy of Napoleon III, which led us to Sedan.

It is commonly asserted that the

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Germans have systematically placed their country in a state of bankruptcy by the intentional lowering of the value of their legal tender, in the hope of lessening the amount to be paid in Reparations. No doubt the fever of speculation which seized upon the whole population of Germany did contribute toward this result; but other nations, including the Allies and associated peoples, did their share to a very large extent. All the world wanted to buy marks after the Armistice, in the hope of a rapid and considerable profit.

But the fundamental cause of the collapse, not only of the mark, but also of the whole economic structure, which Germany did not seem able to escape, was the mistake made by the authors of the Treaty of Versailles in not fixing immediately the size of the indemnity to be paid by Germany. One cannot with impunity force a debtor to sign a blank check. It is demanding a degree of heroism of which few people are capable, to produce wealth of which they are likely to be deprived. And yet it is just such a menace of dispossession which the Treaty of Versailles has kept hanging over the head of Germany ever since she affixed her signature to it. And it is this prospective possibility of seeing herself despoiled of the fruits of her labor that has contributed to destroy in her people, originally productive and strong in organization, every creative force, and to call into existence a crowd of speculators who have lost all confidence in the future of their country, which before the war marched in the front rank of great civilized nations, but which to-day languishes on the eve of famine.

On several occasions the Allies proclaimed that they did not make war on the German people, but only on Prussian militarism, and really in the interests of the Germans themselves. German militarism is crushed, let us hope forever. But instead of putting into effect in regard to the German people — who, we must not forget, contributed to the victory of the Allies by unchaining a revolution before the war was over — a fair and generous policy, in order to help them consolidate the democratic system which they had voluntarily adopted, they were subjected to annoyances as humiliating as they were futile, and which, alas, they alone are not suffering from to-day. We committed the gigantic mistake of not supporting the democratic government of Germany.

Instead of our supporting, by a policy which could have been both wise and firm, the Governments of Hermann Müller and of Wirth, whose democratic sincerity there was no reason to doubt, both were, let us hope unintentionally on our part, harassed to the point of discouragement and abandonment of their mandates, which have been taken over we know by whom. This kind of thing has brought us to the occupation of the Ruhr, the consequences of which we shall consider further on.

Our policy in regard to Russia has been still more maladroit. The circumstance which has actuated our whole programme of aggressiveness against her was the repudiation of her obligations by the Soviet Government. In spite of the losses to French taxpayers caused by this brutal measure, we have not hesitated to tax ourselves still further in order to support half-a-dozen adventurers, who have, nevertheless, ended in lamentable failure. It is sufficient to remember that the thunderbolts of war considerably surpass the stature of the Russian generals whom we have been foolish enough to assist with our money, and who abandoned their enterprises almost before they were begun. If it had not been for this bungling manœuvre it is quite

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possible that Russia, with her immense wealth in both soil and subsoil products, might have contributed considerably to the relief of Europe, since this relief is beyond question largely a matter of raw materials.

There is nobody to-day who will deny that the peace policy of the Allies — in other words, England and France — has failed lamentably. Where is this stable peace that is to reign henceforth forever on earth, permitting the groaning nations to dress the terrible wounds received in the most inhuman and atrocious of all wars?

Instead of the general disarmament announced to the world by the victorious nations, we are nurturing to-day, as it were, a recrudescence of militarism in every country. Have not Greece and Turkey covered Asia Minor with new ruins and strewn it with corpses? Has not Yugoslavia, in spite of her economic poverty, just voted a credit of eight hundred millions of dinars for the reënforcement and improvement of her army? Does not Czechoslovakia keep a standing army nearly as large as that of the ancient Danube Empire, in spite of the fact that her factories are closing their doors, and her foreign commerce is decreasing? Has not Rumania, by her annexation of Bessarabia, sown the seeds of a war with Russia, the terrible consequences of which cannot be estimated? And Poland — for so long crushed under the yoke of hard masters — does she not to-day exercise over the minorities given her by Versailles, or afterward unjustly added to her territory, a dictatorship which weighs upon them as the chaplets of lead weighed upon the brows of the damned in Dante's hell?

FRANCE'S HOARDED MILLIONS

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

From the *Outlook*, *April* 7
(London Conservative Literary Weekly)

The recent fall of the franc and the rate of 78 to the pound that prevailed during a week or more caused consternation in most circles in France. The exchange is always an extremely delicate topic of conversation, and one rarely discussed in the presence of visitors from any of the countries where the rate is higher than the pre-war one, but the sudden and — to most minds — the inexplicable fall in the franc roused the French people to the extent of making them forget their habitual good manners, and discuss the exchange as freely as they are wont to discuss the weather or the merits of the latest literary prize. As usual, the immediate effect of the fall in the franc was noticeable in the rise in price of every commodity, from groceries to motor-cars. Within the space of a couple of days, sugar which was being sold for two francs fifty a pound was marked up to six francs, and so on.

As usual, too, the depreciated state of the franc threw nervous people into a panic, caused heated arguments in the hundred and one cafés in the Bourse

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district, between those who believe that the franc will eventually become as valueless as the mark and those who believe — or wish to believe — that it will return to its normal value, and brought to the surface the thought that lies at the back of most people's minds concerning the solvency of France and her financial future.

As a rule, the French people never refer to the question; but on occasions when something happens to ruffle the surface of ordinary happenings, or when they believe, for some reason or other, that you are a person 'in the know' with means of acquiring inside information about such things (this belief invariably has birth the minute they learn you are a journalist!), they ask you very appealingly and with a very ingenuous confidence in your reply whether you think France is likely to go bankrupt.

In spite of the state of the exchange, in spite of Germany's continued attitude with regard to her war debts, and in spite of the pessimistic note in the first of Lloyd George's United Press articles, it is doubtful whether such a calamity is ever likely to come to pass. Personally, this opinion is founded not so much on France as a nation as on France as a composite of thirty-nine-million-odd human beings, in every one of whom is ingrained a sense of order and economy that becomes developed as the years go on to the point of becoming a virtue — or a vice.

These two traits in the French character are so dominant that one wonders if the fundamental reason has not something to do with the constant wars to which France has been subjected from time immemorial. For so many centuries the French have been accustomed to having, first the Spanish, then the English, then the Germans come crashing over the frontiers of their country in an effort to drag it from them; for so many centuries they have been accustomed to seeing the towns and villages lying on the borderland of these frontiers devastated and laid waste; for so many centuries they have been accustomed to seeing the agricultural, industrial, and financial enterprises of their civilization devastated and laid as bare as their fields, that Nature, in order to combat the effect of extinction, which might easily result from such continued and unequal odds, has developed to an exaggerated degree these two traits in the French as a means of national preservation, just as she has developed the sense of maternity in the penguins as a means of racial preservation to combat the unequal odds of having ninety-nine per cent of their eggs stolen by the gulls or frozen out of 'hatchable' condition by the temperature.

These conditions have also bred in the French a distrust which becomes more or less acute according to the circumstances. This began by being a sentiment directed against people of other nations, and ended by being a sentiment directed by one class and, finally, one individual against another. Working round in a vicious circle, it very often gave rise to the acts or conditions it feared.

Because of these two characteristics of economy and mistrust, French people rarely bank their money, and therefore rarely transact their business by checks. They will walk long distances to a post office, wait in a queue in front of a *guichet* for half an hour and more, and finally pay at the rate of eighty centimes for every fifty francs they convert into a postal order, rather than sign a check, for which they pay ten centimes. They have no faith in banks, and they fear checks, for have not they or their ancestors seen banks come crashing down like a house of cards in the space of a few days, and

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checks become as worthless as so much waste paper? A postal order is something tangible for which they pay across a counter; a bank account represents a sum of money which they have confided to the keeping of unknown persons sheltering behind gilt railings, and represented by a glittering sign-board on the front of an imposing building — a sum which, through unforeseen circumstances, might quite easily slip from their possession without their being able to move hand or foot to retain it.

The usual custom is to invest all savings in securities that appear to combine the double inducement of a maximum of safety with a maximum of interest. (Because they appeared to be securities of this order giving 5 per cent, when France and other nations were only offering 3 per cent, thousands of French people invested their money in Russian and Turkish bonds, for which reason so many thousands are ruined or in straitened circumstances now.) In the case of *rentiers*, — people who live on income derived solely from shares, — their entire rate of living and mode of existence is based on the minimum monthly return which their shares can bring in. If, at the end of the month, it is found that the dividends have been bigger than was expected, nine times out of ten, instead of celebrating the event by a jollification or an expenditure they would not have made otherwise, the unexpected surplus sum will be reinvested with the rest of the capital.

Every month, or every quarter, — about the time when the rent falls due, — the head member of the family will go to a bank with the coupons that are due for payment, and, after bringing home what money he has received, will hide it in some safe place and decide with the rest of the family how it is to be spent during the coming month or quarter, and what share of it is to be reinvested. When something happens to necessitate an unusual expenditure — say, a journey, holidays, sickness, or the like — the surplus amount, if any, which otherwise would have been invested, is called upon, or else a share or several shares are sold to meet the financial emergency.

The reason why train robberies and train murders are so frequent in France is because thieves know as well as everyone else that the vast majority of French people calculate exactly how much money they will require for train-fares, lodging, amusement, and so forth, and carry every penny of this with them when setting out on a journey, and, therefore, that it is only reasonable to infer that every train carries a big percentage of passengers possessing more or less considerable sums of money in their purses or concealed on their persons.

Economy is looked upon as a virtue to be placed higher, perhaps, than any other save patriotism; recklessness, even when it is in a mild form, amounting to no more than a disregard for the importance of money, is looked upon as a vice. It is because of this that France still lives, that French people live better and dress better than American or English people on twice the amount, that there are no evidences of poverty in France such as stare at you on every hand in England, and that the only spot in France where you will see barefooted children is in Boulogne, where the influence of the English has penetrated. I know of a superior of an orphanage who clothed and fed fifty children and six nuns during the war on little over five hundred francs a month, and they never once went without meat at least once a day, and never at any time without vegetables, fruit, and heating.

The stocking in which the peasant of

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France is supposed to hoard all his money is not by any means a legend; but, instead of being limited to the peasant class, this practice exists in every class throughout the length and breadth of France. It started with the peasant class in the first instance, because they were generally the first to suffer from the onslaught of the particular enemy Power that was assailing France at the time, and gradually it spread to all classes, because all classes, in time, came to suffer from the cataclysmic effects of war. The stocking is merely the result of their sense of order and economy, *plus* their mistrust of institutions and people and their fear of war.

Even though they invest their money in what appears to them to be the best possible investments, the French still retain their sense of mistrust, and invariably lay by for a possible emergency a second supply of money, about which they never speak, and on which they would never think of drawing except in the case of extreme emergency. I know an elderly lady — a *rentière* — who had in hand ten thousand francs in gold hidden away when the war broke out. On August 2, 1914, she was a comparatively rich woman. The next day the bank had ceased payment, shares had dropped to nothing, and she found herself without an income; so she calmly took her ten thousand francs, packed up her things, and went with her companion to live in a small town in Brittany until the war was over and the financial situation righted itself once more.

This is only an individual case, but it is doubtful whether there is a family in France which is not putting into practice a similar system for hoarding up money, so that an emergency — the next war — will not find them financially unprepared to stand the shock of the upheaval.

All over France people are hoarding money, just as they have been hoarding it from generation to generation — and not saying anything about it. When France was in peril in 1870, and the Government called for the five billion francs that were needed to save her national existence, the hoards that existed at that time, just as they exist now, were brought to light, and, within the space of a few days, three times the amount asked for was subscribed. If ever the Government called on the people to save France from bankruptcy, or any other danger threatening her national existence, the same thing would happen again.

Knowing this, the Government, and the people themselves, review the more or less hopeless situation of their country with a calm that surprises people of other nations, and makes them wonder what mystery is behind such apparent indifference; and the rumors of probable bank-crashes have little or no interest for people whose money is invested in gilt-edged securities and hidden in shining, omnipotent gold up chimneys, under floorings, or behind piles of harmless, domesticated-looking linen.

Meanwhile, queues continue to encumber the postal order *guichet* of local post offices, banks continue to offer a huge rate of interest on even small current accounts in an effort to induce people to invest their money, and business people continue to look upon you as a person of doubtful morals and suspicious character when you offer them in payment an inoffensive-looking scrap of paper on which are inscribed a few figures and your signature.

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THE TROTSKII–MUSSOLINI CREED

BY J. A. SPENDER

[*Mr. J. A. Spender was until recently editor of the* Westminster Gazette, *to which he now contributes a daily article. He is one of the most distinguished publicists in England.*]

From the *Westminster Gazette, April 7*
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL DAILY)

Nearly forty years ago the Tory Party was judged by intellectuals to be 'the stupid party,' and the youth who took up with it was, therefore, very much on his mettle to prove himself 'a darned sight cleverer' than the rest of us. This he did by suggesting that he had lived through all our nonsense about Liberalism and Liberty and come back, as a man of the world, to the solid and sensible view that what mankind — and womankind — wanted was the big stick and plenty of it in the hands of a master: 'Order, hierarchy, and discipline,' as Signor Mussolini says.

The Italian Prime Minister is very young, and he seems to be most youthful of all in his evident belief that he is going to make a sensation among European Liberals — *épater les Libéraux* — by this kind of talk. Someone should tell him that we have been listening to it for at least forty years — our Carlyles and Froudes used to give it us in strong doses — and that if he wants to hear it in good English vernacular, without any of this newfangled Latin adornment, he has only to go into certain London clubs and listen to old gentlemen talking about Labor. Nowhere in the world will he find stauncher adherents of 'order, hierarchy, and discipline.'

It is fortunate for Signor Mussolini that certain Italians of a previous generation and certain statesmen of other countries had a devotion for this 'corpse called Liberty,' for otherwise he would not be where he is or have the chance of making his experiment. This experiment — to judge from his own account of it — appears to be the very ancient one of capturing the machine of government by a coup d'état. There are examples of it in the history of almost every country, and nearly always it has come to a bad end; for 'the corpse of liberty' has an astonishing habit of coming to life again just when its enemies are most certain that it is completely dead.

Far be it from any Liberal to deny that the dictators have sometimes had reason on their side. Nations do occasionally get into a state of decomposition in which almost any kind of new thing is better than going on as they are. But except among nations which, as Aristotle would say, are 'by nature slaves,' the dictator had better do his business quickly and clear out. When he begins to 'fortify and defend himself against all,' and talks about imposing his sovereign will by force upon a hostile majority, he is on the road which leads via Potsdam to Doorn in Holland.

Indeed, I think a friend of Signor Mussolini's might tell him that his speeches are beginning to have a dreadful resemblance to those of the ex-Kaiser. The rest of the world has watched him up to this point with a good deal of interest, and much good-

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will. It was a little shocked by some of the proceedings of his young men, but it has been willing to believe that he might be the medicine his countrymen required in a particular emergency. It has accorded him the same kind of indulgence as it has to Signor Marinetti, Signor D'Annunzio, and others of his countrymen, who are evidently sealed of the same tribe.

But when he begins to use this Potsdam language about making force the arbiter we must begin to consider. For whoever thinks in these terms about internal affairs always in the end thinks in the same terms about international affairs, and then the matter becomes of more than domestic interest.

The belief that liberty is an illusion can never be of only internal application. If it justifies a dictator in imposing his will upon his countrymen, it equally justifies a nation in enslaving another nation; and, just as the dictator may persuade himself that he is pursuing the highest interests of his countrymen in depriving them of their liberty, so a conquering nation may persuade itself that it is conferring the highest boon upon other nations in extinguishing their independence. A vast number of Germans before the war were absolutely convinced that they were about to confer the enormous advantage of German Kultur upon a benighted world.

Without theorizing about liberty, I think there is abundant experience in the world to prove that statesmen who get these ideas into their heads generally come to grief. The people who believe in liberty may be very old-fashioned; but at all events the belief encourages a certain modesty, a certain disposition to believe it possible that they may be mistaken, and that other people may conceivably be right in their judgment of what they think good for themselves. This in human affairs is not only good for the soul, but a practical guaranty that when a man is entrusted with great affairs he will walk modestly and act prudently.

The people who really disbelieve in liberty must in their hearts have a contempt for human nature and humankind. All the great modern tyrants have had it, for the conditions in which a despot can really be benevolent and the father of his country are primitive and patriarchal. If one took seriously the things that Signor Mussolini says about his countrymen, one would be obliged either to take *them* at his seemingly low valuation or to regard *him* as a cynical adventurer.

Psychologically the salute which Signor Mussolini gives to Lenin and Trotskii is a very subtle and fascinating touch. He ought on his own principles to detest both these Communist tyrants. But he salutes them as brother-craftsmen practising the same arts. Politicians in rival camps have these curious affinities. One sees them hailing each other as kindred spirits across a gulf of principles and creeds.

The Radical demagogue keeps a bust of Napoleon on his mantelpiece, and Mussolini is an appreciative student of Trotskii. It is an accident which makes the one a Communist and the other a Conservative; the main point is that they both have the same technique. This technique leads Trotskii to shoot bishops and wage a savage war against religious opinions which get in the way of his politics — conduct which is absolutely logical and, indeed, inevitable when once it is conceded that liberty is a corpse and that you may use any sort of force to keep yourself in power.

Bishops and bourgeoisie are undoubtedly the enemy from Trotskii's point of view, and it is therefore mere prudence to shoot the ringleaders and keep the rest under lock and key. Mus-

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solini's enemies happen for the moment to be people of a different type from Trotskii's, but if he is logical he will treat them in exactly the same way. What he would have done to Mazzini or Garibaldi is past thinking.

Conservatives who are tempted to exult over 'the defeat of Liberalism in the twentieth century' had better, therefore, reflect that the new principle which is to be substituted for it cuts both ways. It justifies the shooting of bishops and bourgeois as easily as the forcible suppression of Radicals and Socialists, and the real dictator — as history shows — will do either or both as the circumstances require. When once you cut loose from liberty you must fly to force, and then very quickly all criteria of right and wrong, all standards of public interest and public policy, and everything else that may conflict with the cardinal aim of keeping yourself in power become a dissolving dream.

Liberty is really at the bottom of it all. It is the claim of the community to a permanent consideration surpassing the interests of a particular ruler or Government, and the acknowledgment by the ruler or Government that it is the servant and not the master of the community. Get away from this, and politics becomes a blind struggle of adventurers. The adventurers will use very fine phrases about it, and some of them may convince themselves that they are real saviors of society, but all of them have the community by the throat.

The late Lord Acton was supposed to be writing a history of human liberty. He accumulated a vast deal of material and wrote some memorable essays about and around the theme, but the book remained unwritten. And I think I can guess why. The subject, as it expanded, turned out to be nothing less than the history of human nature, which is beyond the scope of any one writer.

The notion which Signor Mussolini appears to entertain that Liberty is an invention of nineteenth-century philosophers is really the crudest kind of literary fallacy. The desire to live one's own life, to think one's own thoughts, to get out of swaddling clothes and strait-waistcoats, is common to the whole human species, so far as it has emerged from childhood. The men and the nations that are without it are either still in the nursery or of a type which is incapable of development.

How to reconcile the liberty of one with the liberty of another and to contrive a world in which the different national liberties may not collide is still, as it has always been, the most difficult of all the human problems. But the last way to solve it is to suppress these liberties or to deny their existence. That is to set one's self in conflict with the most imperious of human instincts. I think the Italian people may be trusted to teach Signor Mussolini some of these elementary truths, and in the meantime we need not take him too seriously. He is evidently still in his salad days.

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REBUILDING BULGARIA

BY GEORGE AKBARDJEV

From *Neue Freie Presse, March* 31
(Vienna Nationalist Liberal Daily)

In spite of his heavy burden of state affairs, Alexander Stambuliskii, Prime Minister of Bulgaria, was able to consider with me the Reparations problems in the eventful days after the dissolution of the Sobranje and during the period when the new cabinet was being formed, — a cabinet that was created with great difficulty, — and also to devote some discussion to purely economic problems. The Bulgarian Premier holds the portfolio for Foreign Affairs, and also for Commerce, and in this capacity was able to give an authoritative picture of Bulgaria's commercial and economic affairs.

After the war (said Stambuliskii) the economic life of Bulgaria had great difficulties to contend with — chiefly making up the great loss in man power and draft animals. Yet, thanks to the activity and industry of the Bulgarian people, thanks also to the increased share of Bulgarian women in labor, and thanks last of all to the lucky chance that there was good weather at the right time, Bulgaria produced so much grain that she could not only feed her own population, but had a fair amount left over for export, which during the last year reached 150,000 tons. To be sure, there was a time when 600,000 tons were exported regularly, but we must not forget that Bulgaria's agricultural production was reduced on the one hand by the loss of the Dobruja, and by the splitting-up of a purely tobacco-producing region in Rodope, and also by the fact that farmers make better profits if they grow crops useful for industrial raw materials, instead of grain.

This change resulted in a reduction of the grain crop and in the increase of the so-called 'industrial crops,' such as tobacco, sugar beets, sesame, and sunflower seeds. Before the war the only production of tobacco scarcely reached four or five million kilogrammes and was used entirely for domestic consumption. To-day the production of tobacco reaches on an average twenty million kilogrammes a year, of which about four million are kept at home for use while all the rest is sent abroad. The increase of beet-production is likewise worthy of notice. The five sugar factories in Bulgaria, which formerly could scarcely find enough beets for twenty working-days a year, to-day have enough for thirty or more, that is to say, for one third of the whole sugar-beet season. Given a suitable increase in the price of beets, we may expect a great increase in the production, which would give the sugar factories material for the whole annual working-season of from ninety to one hundred days. The production of oil-seeds has likewise made marked progress. Quantities scarcely worth mentioning remain for exportation since almost everything is worked up in the country.

The Bulgarian Government (M. Stambuliskii declared) is taking every possible measure for the encouragement of agriculture. In order to provide farmers who have little land with fields enough, it has introduced land-reforms under which the maximum

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amount of land allowed one owner is set at thirty hectares, provided the farmer himself cultivates it aided only by his family. Otherwise the amount permitted is still smaller. Likewise, through Government policy, a rural coöperative system was brought into existence, to which the Bulgarian Agricultural Bank was pledged by law to give assistance, and the poorer people of the country were given opportunities to purchase the agricultural machines and implements necessary for proper working of the fields. In this way the Bulgarian farmer was rescued from the hand of the merciless village money-lender.

Personal credit and terms for notes and mortgages were made easier. Formerly personal credit was granted to the farmers only after a great deal of formality. For the smallest loan at the agrarian bank the farmer had to provide three sureties in order to get any money. To-day a farmer can get a loan up to five thousand leva on the security of his own signature without any surety at all. At the same time, in order to cover the risk to the State Bank, the Bulgarian law, — which prohibits alienation of property in farm land, — is not applied to the agrarian bank, which has the right to protect itself through public sale of the property of its dishonest clients. In this way the Government contrived to extend agricultural credit without inflicting undue risk on the most important institution of credit in Bulgaria.

So far as business, trade, and industry are concerned, Bulgaria had a great deal to contend with at the end of the war, as she still has. Bulgaria's foreign trade had grown up without commercial agreements. 'Most-favored-nation' treatment is the only principle on which the Bulgarian system of business and tariff rests. So far as the Allied Powers were concerned, this treatment was demanded of Bulgaria in the peace treaty of Neuilly. While Bulgaria is thus obliged to grant most-favored-nation treatment to these states, she is led to grant similar treatment to the other states of Central Europe and to the neutral states without any special compulsion, but simply on the ground of reciprocity. An independent tariff law, introduced within the space of a year, will be applied to all states, and commercial treaties are still in preparation. The results of the economic investigations conducted in previous years will now be studied so as to become the basis some day for the conclusion of the commercial treaties themselves.

The Bulgarian Government is interested in placing the country's business on a coöperative basis. Everywhere and in every way the formation of coöperative unions will be favored and assisted. Great and small commercial concerns, which are likewise very greatly favored with the assistance of the Government, are forming, and the smaller industrialists find not only favor and support, but also a rational use for their economies. The coöperatives give their members favorable prices for the necessary materials, machines, and other equipment, and make it possible to sell their products at coöperative prices.

Industry also enjoys the special care of the Bulgarian Administration, which makes every effort to contribute to its advancement. Special support is given to industrial undertakings. They enjoy free import of materials and machines, and great favor is shown to their manufactures in railway transport. During the war Bulgarian industry was adversely affected, and the first care of the manufacturers was to set their plants in order. First of all, they had to adjust their debts to foreign creditors, so that their credit abroad might be as good as

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possible. In this the Bulgarian manufacturers have in most cases been met halfway by their creditors. The manufacturers' second concern was to renew their factories, machines, apparatus, tools, and so forth, which had gone to pieces during the war very badly, and had fallen into great disorder. These had to be repaired, and capital and support had to be secured from the Government. Here again the Government came to their aid through special concessions and favors to coöperatives and coöperative unions that were to bring capital together for rational employment.

Bulgarian industry suffers chiefly from a lack of credit abroad and from the gold shortage at home. Before the war the manufacturers bought machines and materials abroad on credit. To-day they must pay in advance. Hence the instability of the exchange and the *freibleibend* clauses as regards delivery. It is greatly to be desired that the sellers in those countries which lead in the technical field of the Bulgarian market should in their own interests put prices and conditions on a more stable basis, since there are numerous cases where Bulgarian merchants and manufacturers are led to make their purchases in Austria and Germany because they are afraid of variations in the exchange and similar difficulties.

Foreign capitalists enjoy the same rights and the same protection in Bulgaria as the Bulgarians themselves. Bulgarian law, so far as protection for investors is concerned, is very thoroughgoing. This circumstance the Government hopes will induce foreign capitalists not merely to invest a part of their money in the exploitation of mines and mineral industries that are already in operation in Bulgaria, but also to take part in the discovery of mineral that has not yet been laid open. The other branches of Bulgarian industry that use materials found in the country itself are in somewhat better condition. They seem to be independent of the fluctuations of the exchange rate and need only reckon with such circumstances as concern domestic commerce. This section of industry, to which great attention ought to be paid in foreign countries, disposes of its products not merely at home but also in part abroad, and is doing its little part toward adjusting the Bulgarian trade balance.

It is worth mentioning that the Bulgarian exchange grows better from day to day. This is explained by several reasons, chief among them the fact that the Bulgarian trade balance has recently come out almost even; second, that the state budget, which on account of high considerations of state could not be raised quite according to law, shows a relatively small balance; and finally, that the question of Bulgarian Reparations has taken a better turn and that the Reparations will be reduced in Bulgaria's favor.

All of these, as well as other less important considerations, exert a good influence over the Bulgarian exchange, improvement in which will bring the more stable times which Bulgarian agriculture, business, and industry so badly need.

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THE MIND OF THE TURK

BY JENAB SHEHABBEDIN BEY

From *Peyam-Sabah*
(CONSTANTINOPLE TURKISH DAILY)

THOSE who occupy themselves with the fine arts divide mankind into two great divisions, the 'active' and the 'imaginative.' The Turks belong in the first class.

I put the Turk in the 'active' class because he avoids theories: he does not like empty dreams; he has a great appetite for reality; in his opinion the value of an idea is to be estimated by the results of its application. The Turk regards as sound every judgment which yields positive results; sterile ideas even though they sparkle are useless.

A Turk is master of his actions; he avoids wasteful activity. Observe a Turk as he talks — how reticent he is in interpreting his remarks with gestures. In this respect the Turks are wholly different from the Arabs.

At this moment the bazaars of Konia and Jidda come before my eyes. Though Konia compared with Jidda is a populous city, a profound calm pervades its bazaars. Now and then customers go and come — alone or in groups — as if cautious about making any noise either with their lips or with their feet. They enter the bazaar with the definite purpose of buying or selling something, for a Turk does not busy himself with an affair unless eventually it is likely to be fruitful. On the other hand, although Jidda is a little city of only 25,000 people, its bazaars from morning till evening resound with a great hubbub. The crowd surges like a river from north to south and from south to north every hour. The 'ayns' explode in the larynx like cartridges, and the 'khas' tear the throat. Arms whirling in nervous contractions beat the air. Bargaining is a quarrel, conversation a fight. The Arab, unlike the Turk, is prodigal of words and gestures. In the Jidda market in one hour you will see the same Bedouin Arab pass in front of you six or seven times; he unnecessarily went too far, so he turns back unnecessarily. He does not measure his actions by his purpose.

I have heard the remark of some of those who observe the Arab as he roams about and the Turk as he avoids extra exertion: 'Oh, how active those Arabs are! They are not like our Turks at all!' The truth is that the Arab is not 'active,' for the term 'action' cannot be applied to every movement. Only those movements which are ingenious, resourceful, creative, inventive are called 'action.' Those men are 'active' who execute not movements pure and simple, but only those movements which bring results. The Turk does not like useless movements. When he starts out, his purpose is determined and he always prefers the shortest way, if he knows where it is. In the street he keeps his destination in mind and moves steadily toward it. He does not like to turn aside or to lengthen his way. Those who know the Turk superficially think he is lazy.

By nature the Turk leads an active life. His conscientious desire is always to make real progress. He works with this in view. But do not expect any futile haste from the genuine Turk. A

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millstone in motion grinding no meal represents exactly what the Turk is not.

Let it not be understood that we deny the imaginative aspect of a Turk's life. Though a farmer may not think much as he works in the field, in the evening, as he sits musing in the moonlight under the plane tree in the village, he often loses himself in fancy. That the shepherd, stretching himself out in the shade as he tends his flock, does not lie dreamless, is quite evident. It is true, these flights of a Turk's fancy centre around a well-laden table or a fresh kiss, not, ordinarily, around a work of art, a religious sect, or a philosophy. The Turk does not care very much for speculative affairs. At the same time let us not think that he is selfish; he is in love only with what is really useful. Do you wish arms to move, point out some useful aspect of this movement. He does not wish to look simply for the sake of seeing something. For this reason the Turk is not ordinarily a man of sufficient observation. He even observes the life that surrounds him only when observation aids his activity — as if on the stage of this planet he were ambitious to be a real actor and not a spectator.

No one can distinguish between history and fable so clearly as the Turk. The mythmakers of ancient Greece would probably find it difficult to prove to the Turk that the impossible is possible. The Turk unerringly distinguishes between truth and falsehood by means of a native sense of logic; and he spurns truths which do not relate to him, calling them a little fanciful. He does not run after disappearing horizons; he gazes at the creative soil just in front of him. While he ploughs the surface of the field, he does not think of the strata of the earth. The two chief poles of his world of anxiety are 'to achieve' and 'to gather in.' The mind of the Turk develops on the surface before it delves in the depths. We see him interested in local history rather than in general history. In the local news the events which interest him most are those which have a direct bearing upon his own life and interest.

A Turk finds events of secondary importance which touch his life more worthy of attention than really important distant events. For example, the elections for the village council of elders seem more important to him than the elections for the provincial representatives and questions pertaining to the cabinet of the central government. When it comes to complex social problems, the first thought of the Turk is with reference to the aspects of those problems that concern him. It is for this reason that the doings of the present day are of far more concern to us than those of the distant past or of the dim future. And when we probe the past and the future, the importance of events is measured by the closeness of their relation to the present day and to modern history.

In the Turk's mental make-up the period of discussion ordinarily is not long. His mental machinery takes no notice of motives which tend to postpone his choice. Thus it happens that a Turk gives his decision with reference to any question relatively quickly. Once he has made a decision, he chooses the simplest means and the shortest paths, and he proceeds with perfect confidence. Examine the mind of a Turk who undertakes industrial, commercial, or political tasks. You will not be able to find in it the fear of failure, for the Turk is strong-willed and extremely optimistic.

The Turk lays great store by his moral and religious convictions, for he knows that no one has ever suffered any injury from them in his life. Islam has been to us an incitement to action and a motive for effort. We have no

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genius for mysticism. Turkish mystics may be regarded as children compared with Persian mystics.

A Turk's national feelings are well developed. Without loving war, he is a warrior, for war is a testing-ground of his active virtues. Especially when it is necessary to defend fatherland and faith, no people can approach the Turk in self-sacrifice. Yet even for the sake of an idea he does not wish to shed blood.

A Turk's political views depend upon advantages that can be realized at once. In politics he has respect only for positive facts. A Turk's wisdom does not fathom diplomatic successes which do not bring peace to the country. With us, as in every nation, an intellectual group exists, but in this group also minds ordinarily act from motives of gain or curiosity. At the point where profit fails curiosity ceases. A Turk is very rarely seen who learns for learning's sake, or seeks for the love of finding, or toils solely for the love of knowledge. I believe that inventors might easily arise among us, but discoverers we produce with great difficulty. I agree with those who liken us to the English and to the Americans in this respect.

My conviction is that America affords the cultural environment which can most readily suit the Turk's intellectual genius. It must be for this reason that Turks who go to America always return with a noteworthy mental equipment.

The Turk has an objective mentality. He is inclined to think that the entire universe is confined within perceptible horizons. He usually expresses his feelings with crystallized proverbs and metaphors drawn from the physical world. He regards history as if it were a series of epochs. To him greater rewards are promised in the field of practical life than in the theoretical. Since in all civilized lands our age endeavors to produce 'active' personalities in place of the old lovers of theory, we should count our native temperament a pure gift from God.

THE PROBLEM OF YUGOSLAVIA

BY R. H.

From the *Spectator, March* 31
(London Conservative Weekly)

The present situation in Yugoslavia, remote though it may seem, is nevertheless a matter of grave importance in European politics. The peace of Central and Southeastern Europe is, at the present moment, largely dependent on a state of deadlock; it is in unstable equilibrium.

Hungary resents her territorial losses with a resentment that can only be compared with French feeling on the question of Alsace. '*Français, voulez-vous quatre Alsaces?*' — that is a specimen of the posters placarding the streets of Pest. Hungarian Irredentist societies, with their secret badges, their propaganda, their war-cry of '*Nem! Nem! Soha!*' are growing in

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power; affiliated Hapsburgian societies plot the return of the little Prince Otto, realizing the enormous advantage this would give them in recalling the allegiance of certain elements in the Succession States.

No one who has traveled recently in Central Europe will fail to have found evidence of this. On both sides of the Danube frontier guards are in a state of tension; in Transylvania there is a sort of sporadic guerrilla-warfare in progress. Hungary cannot lie down under the dictates of the Peace Treaty, because they threaten not only her national pride but her economic existence.

But Hungary is surrounded by the Little Entente, — Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia, — whose very existence, on the other hand, depends on the maintenance of the terms of the Peace Treaty. If Hungarian insurgents were to cross the Danube at Esztergom or Komárom, or advance on Pressburg, Rumania would advance from Transylvania, the Yugoslavs invade South Hungary. The Magyar might be able to tackle one of his neighbors alone; he dare not take them all on at once. Meanwhile, he grits his teeth; he spreads propaganda among the Great Powers; he bides his time.

It is upon this deadlock, this diplomatic cantilevering, that the structure of the present peace of Europe rests; and a fairly rickety structure it is. One of its most obvious weaknesses, one which the Hungarians recognize and endeavor to foment, lies in the internal dissensions of the Yugoslav State. That kingdom, conglomerated of the old kingdoms of Serbia and Montenegro, of Bosnia and Herzegovina, of the old Hungarian Bánát, of Croatia-Slavonia, and the Austrian Duchy of Slovenia, has not had the expert and tactful guidance during the first few years of its life that it obviously needed. Consequently the component nations who, a few years ago, were flying into the arms of their long-lost brothers, are now ready to jump at each other's throats.

For this situation one cannot but feel that the Serbs, with their leaders, M. Pashitch and M. Prebipovitch, are chiefly to blame. They agreed to receive their new brothers into a federation, and then promptly occupied their countries with Serbian troops and imposed on them a constitution that practically amounts to a Serbian Empire.

Take the case of Croatia, the leader of the malcontents. Under Hungary she had, at any rate, an appearance of self-government, a Parliament of her own, a national and yet a Western culture of her own. Her people, at least in the North, are highly civilized; she has immense natural resources. Her 'liberators' have abolished her Parliament; tax her resources to an unbearable and even a ludicrous extent in order to increase the Serbian revenue; endeavor to render her culturally and politically dependent on Belgrade; give all the posts in the Civil Service to Serbs; occupy her capital, Agram, with Serbian troops who terrorize the countryside; and treat her national leader, M. Raditch, whose courage and patriotism in his lifelong struggle against Hungarian absorption have rendered him famous everywhere, as a rebel, almost an outlaw! Meanwhile Government newspapers try to poison the minds of the surrounding populations against him by the most preposterous lies.

It is small wonder that a Croatian revolt, the establishment or attempt at the establishment of a Republic at Agram, seems imminent. But it is obvious that any revolt must be a bloody business; there is probably no form of warfare so savage as the rising

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of an exasperated countryside against an army of occupation. And the result of the consequent paralysis of Yugoslavia to Europe may be easily imagined.

But M. Raditch is too sound a thinker to provoke violence in wantonness; he withdraws his deputies, seventy strong, from the Belgrade Parliament; he uses the cry of a republic as a political weapon. But his real aim is the only sensible one: the acquisition of a constitution which shall give a decent measure of autonomy to the component States, which shall abolish the quite unfair hegemony of Serbia and replace it by a federation somewhat on the American principle, which will allow Croatia to develop her natural riches unmolested. Moreover he is farsighted enough to see that the only hope for Central Europe lies in a system of free trade, for it is the ridiculous tariffs now in force everywhere which are responsible almost entirely for the present state of distress. Free trade and pacific relations with all the States of the Danube basin are an absolutely essential part of his programme.

So much for M. Raditch. But many of his followers, especially among the younger generation, are not so long-sighted. They have been exasperated to breaking-point; they are as passionately opposed to national absorption, especially in this tactless manner, by the Serbs as they are to oppression by the Hungarians. At every village one hears the same story; they say they will wait for a few months in the hope of obtaining redress by peaceful means, but no more. If the problem is not speedily settled, a Croatian revolt and all that will entail may well be imminent.

The recent General Election has brought things to a head. M. Raditch has not only maintained his position, he has improved it. The Government has obtained barely a third of the seats in the House. The new Government and the new Opposition must inevitably both consist of coalitions: and it is in this preliminary juggling for places that the fate of the country will probably be decided.

Can M. Pashitch angle enough votes to continue his present policy? Can M. Raditch win the allegiance of enough of the other Moderates to compel a revision of the constitution? If he does, we shall probably find the present Serbian Empire converted into a loosely knit peasant-republic, in which Serbia's bitterest enemy, Bulgaria, may possibly in time be included. Such a State, with the fine fighting elements of the Serbs and the Slovene borderers, combined with the high æsthetic culture and economic wealth of the Croats, may well have a rosy future; and its people will prove, moreover, excellent citizens of Europe.

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A PRISONER OF THE MOORS

BY HENRI DE KERILLIS

[*General Navarro and the other Spanish prisoners captured by the Moors under Abd-el-Krim, in August* 1921, *have recently been returned to Spain on payment of a heavy ransom. They are still under orders, however, not to discuss their experiences. The story printed here is therefore the first authentic narrative to be made public. It was told to M. de Kerillis by a young Spanish officer, who regarded the French journalist, a former French officer, as a brother in arms. The identity of the Spanish officer necessarily remains a secret. The French writer has respected his confidence, and is therefore unable to reproduce all the story that was told him.*]

From *L'Écho de Paris, March* 9 *and* 12
(PARIS CLERICAL DAILY)

IN the month of August, 1921, I was stationed at the garrison of Fort Guebdani, which was defended by various parts of a mixed regiment of field and mountain artillery and some contingents of the Melilla regiment, a total of about 700 men in all, under the command of Colonel Araujo. I was captured on the twenty-fifth of August, 1921. Here is exactly what happened.

For a number of days we had been completely surrounded. A messenger had told us that the occupied territory had revolted, after the desertion of the native troops, and that Anual, where General Sylvestre was, had fallen into the hands of the Moors. Our position was terrible. The water supply was running low. The Colonel ordered the last drops of it to be given only to people who were dying. In the evening of the decisive day, a company sent on 'water fatigue' had been attacked, and I can still hear the last cries of '*Viva l'España!*' rising from the little waterhole where our poor soldiers perished.

In short, the situation seemed to have arrived at a deadlock. We could not even consider making a sortie because, loaded down with our wounded men, we were quite unable to fight a long battle on an interminable road against an enemy who outnumbered us ten to one. Resistance in the fort itself would be too feeble because of the lack of water. We had not a shadow of hope for speedy assistance from without and we saw no chance of help from any direction.

In the morning of the twenty-fifth of August, the Colonel summoned his officers together. He wanted to take a vote to decide our course of action; and we were in the midst of a mournful discussion when suddenly at about ten o'clock a furious assault was launched against us. Sheltered by the rolling country, five thousand Moorish footsoldiers had sneaked up to our wire entanglements and were throwing themselves upon us, uttering their war-cries.

In a few seconds we were in arms, and the machine-guns went into action. It was an indescribable spectacle. At first the fight seemed undecided. White cloaks covered the countryside and the waves of assailants poured in unceasingly from the neighboring valleys. Our men were parched with thirst and exhausted. In a furious rush, the Moors took our first defenses.

Then I witnessed a scene the horror of which I can scarcely describe. Dead bodies piled around me so high that I had finally to cease firing my rifle. All about me men were slaughtering each

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other with incredible brutality. As soon as one of our men fell, the Moors leaped upon him to rob him and then mutilate him horribly, often while he was still alive. Mad with exaltation and fanaticism, they pillaged with such fury that I saw many of them only a few paces from me kill each other for a pitiful piece of booty, a pair of shoes, a gun, or a belt.

Some of my comrades and I rallied about a cannon with a number of our artillerymen. Suddenly one of them whipped out his revolver and blew his brains out. Others followed his example. Some of them would first make the sign of the cross, others called out an adieu or cheered the King of Spain or shot some bullets in the general direction of the Moors and then killed themselves and fell. For an instant this terrible idea occurred to me, but I dismissed it. And when I had no more cartridges I sat quietly down at the base of my cannon and folded my arms and waited.

Why was I spared? I do not know. I shall never understand. A body of Moors threw themselves upon me. Some of my companions who had done the same thing I had were put to death at once. Their heads were cut off or they were pierced by Lebel bayonets, with which all our adversaries were armed, or they were torn limb from limb. I was captured. I grasped the fact that they were discussing my fate. I waited for them to decide what suffering I should be put to. And I was overcome with astonishment when I went to rejoin another group of prisoners with the Colonel among them. The looting continued before my eyes. When the massacres were over, the Moors hurled themselves upon the little cemetery in the fort and dug out the corpses. I cannot speak of the abominations that I saw.

Needless to say, we were far from cheerful as to our fate. For the first few days, however, we were not badly treated. The soldiers would come and talk to us. Most of them knew a few words of Spanish, others, from the French zones, spoke our language with more or less ease. We finally understood that if, contrary to Moorish custom, we had been left alive, it was because they wanted to make our deliverance the basis of negotiations. They held out some hope to us. In a general way, it seemed that we were respected and that we could hope for passable treatment. Unfortunately our illusions were soon to disappear.

After several days, we were joined to other groups of prisoners, among them General Navarro, whose proud and courageous bearing never failed him. Then we were set marching off for Axdir, the place that was going to be our prison for eighteen months, where a little house belonging to Abd-el-Krim was reserved for us. Our path led us by Anual, the very place where General Sylvestre had died, and there again we beheld a horrible sight. We recognized the bodies of our slain companions and we could even make out a great many of the officers on our chief's staff. What a gruesome spectacle! Most of the bodies were impaled on wooden staves. Many of them had their heads cut off. Some of them were torn to bits.

We sought for the corpse of General Sylvestre in vain: perhaps it was so frightfully mutilated that we could not recognize it, or perhaps it had been taken too far away for us to find it; at any rate we could not discover a trace of it. This is unquestionably the source of the legends you have heard, but alas there is no hope at all. This great commander, too audacious perhaps, but intrepid, authoritative, esteemed, and obeyed, who would have saved the army from such a great catastrophe if he had not been one of the first victims,

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— this man is surely dead, beyond all doubt. Only one point in his tragic end is obscure. Some think that he was killed by Moroccan bullets, others suspect that he preferred to kill himself when on the point of being captured. Who will ever clear up the mystery, since the only immediate witnesses of his death are the defiled corpses on the field of Anual?

After a long, hard march through this unshaded, untracked country, we arrived at Axdir, which is about ninety kilometres west of Melilla and three kilometres to one side of it. They put the officers in a little Arab house surrounded with high walls, which is the personal property of Abd-el-Krim. The guards lay in their tents on the watch; the soldiers were stationed at a distance. For one and all that horrible captivity of eighteen months had begun.

As I have already said, the first weeks were the least difficult. Although material existence was rude enough for forty-seven of us in a single room with a little straw in it, we were treated with evident consideration. Abd-el-Krim often came to see us. He visited us on his little donkey like the most modest of his followers, invariably sheltered by a huge umbrella that protected him from both sun and rain.

Sometimes he was accompanied by his brother, a singular personage very much Europeanized from having studied engineering at Madrid, whose complex mentality, with its mixture of civilization and barbarianism, of true culture and ignorance, entirely defied analysis. Both of us talked about life in Spain — he read all the Spanish newspapers, though we could never see how he got them — and of the great dreams of Moroccan independence. He prophesied the complete expulsion of the Spaniards and then of the French, whom they hated even more, the reëstablishment of a solid warlike empire, the conquest of the 'Arab provinces' in Spain and of ancient and gay Granada. To tell the truth, we were at first astonished at the prestige of a commander without real intelligence or personal charm. Later we understood how much his authority depended on his luck in knowing the Christian enemy. Besides, he very soon stopped visiting us except to deliver insults and threats.

We established hardly any contact with our guards, who were chosen from the most cruel tribes. We were, however, approached on several occasions by groups of nomads or neighboring people whose curiosity led them to contemplate us. The women were a remarkably violent lot. Contrary to Arab custom, the Riffian women do not wear veils. We could therefore easily see what they looked like. Most of them were a fine savage type of real purity, but the ones who belonged to the tribes from the interior were repulsive because of their dirty, squalid appearance, while the ones from the seacoast were quite attractive-looking. We were not a little surprised to see rouge on their lips and great black circles under their eyes. Our enchantment ceased in the face of the insults and the rocks that they hurled at us.

As the hatred about us increased, they thought it better to isolate us completely after several months. Then existence became terrible. Our only nourishment was a scant daily ration of dried peas, which came to us without even being cooked in a little water. Soon disease spread among us: typhus, grippe, and an unknown infection that inflamed the glands in our necks. The mortality was high among the soldiers, and four officers died. If the Moors spared the officers their brutalities, they cut loose among the enlisted men. For no reason whatever, these un-

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fortunate creatures underwent the horrible torture of flogging, under our very eyes. They were beaten with metaled thongs. Some of them perished. Others took weeks to recover. A great many noncommissioned artillery-officers, who had refused to teach the Moors how to shoot a cannon, were beaten and then executed with horrible cruelty.

One day a chief unexpectedly entered the room where we were confined. He announced that, to break the monotony of our prison, four officers would be chosen by lot and killed the next day. We all made our wills and waited. The threat was not put into immediate execution. But a few days later, the guards led two of our men away to be assassinated.

In the final months, physical exhaustion had done its work; hour after hour we lay motionless and prostrate waiting for death, sickness, privation, or the whims of our masters. And we no longer even lent an ear to the reports of the negotiations that were being made for our deliverance. Even when the day came, the twenty-eighth day of January last, when it was decided to lead us out, we could not believe in our salvation. Even when our Spanish ship appeared, carrying the ransom for our deliverance and destined to take us to Malaga, we feared some new and dramatic adventure. We were charged with emotion and apprehension.

Our Moorish escort preceded us unarmed, carrying a white flag. A Spanish tender met us among the rocks and unloaded its cargo of money: three million pesetas in bank notes and one million in silver. But then an unforeseen difficulty cropped up, which almost spoiled everything. None of the Moors dared to take the responsibility of receiving the payment, because none of them could count up to a million. A discussion ensued. We were requisitioned to help in the count. At one moment one of the young officers, suddenly overcome with terror at the prospect of being taken back, quickly rushed away from the group of prisoners and threw himself into the sea. In spite of his weakness, he was able to make a little boat that was near at hand and he was picked up. Then an agreement was reached and we were turned over to our compatriots. You know the rest.

This is all that I can tell except for adding a few reflections: the disaster at Melilla seems to me to be chiefly due to the treachery of our native troops, who stirred up the general uprising in all the occupied territory. But I am still convinced that if General Sylvestre had escaped death we should have avoided a great many of our losses. What worse thing can happen to an army than to lose its commander at the most dramatic moment of the battle. I do not know where the mistakes leading up to all this were committed, whether it was in relation to the natives or in the general conception of our military organization in Morocco. All that I, as a Spanish officer, can say is that the army did as much as the best army in the world could do. We succumbed fighting and parched with thirst.

The agony of captivity was supported without weakening. The admirable example of General Navarro, who on the eve of our deliverance haughtily repudiated certain proposals of Abd-el-Krim, always sustained and comforted us.

We await unafraid the judgment of our contemporaries and of history.

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ROBERT LYND, A CRITIC WITH A DIFFERENCE

BY J. B. PRIESTLY

[*Mr. Priestly gives away a state secret, for in naming Mr. Lynd as the author of that delightful essay, 'The Chocolate Bus,' reprinted in the* Living Age *for November* 18, *he reveals the identity of 'Y.Y.', a nom de plume that has hitherto been darkly mysterious, though signed to some of the liveliest articles in the London weeklies.*]

From the *London Mercury, April*
(LITERARY MONTHLY)

NOWADAYS it is too often assumed that literary genius is always to be found 'apart sat on a hill retired,' laboring at some new form that will not be appreciated by the common run of men for at least two generations. We even go so far as to forget that, though a man who uses some literary form that the public does not want may possibly be a genius, he may possibly be nothing of the kind, may be nothing better than a conceited ass. This comes of brooding overmuch upon exotic and revolutionary talents, and taking the others for granted. The others are those men of rich mind and ample energy who have been so much in love with literature that they have simply taken the form that was lying in their way, the five-act drama in blank verse, the rambling novel, the periodical essay, and raised it into a fit instrument of their genius.

As Mr. Chesterton once remarked: 'Minor poets cannot write to order; but very great poets can write to order. The larger the man's mind, the wider his scope of vision, the more likely it will be that anything suggested to him will seem significant and promising; the more he has a grasp of everything, the more ready he will be to write anything.' To be able to make the ascent of Parnassus part of the day's work, frankly to accept the common worn coins of the market-place and then, by some mysterious means, to transform them into new bright mintage, this is the mark only of a man of full-blooded talent, a man opulently gifted, one, if only a fledgling, of the Shakespearean brood.

The point need not be labored, but it must be made, for it happens that Mr. Robert Lynd, one of the best miscellaneous prose writers of our generation, an essayist of rare charm, an acute, witty, yet tolerant critic, is a journalist. Moreover, he is a very good journalist, not one of those men of letters who with a great show of disdain merely boil their pots in Fleet Street and can hardly bring themselves to endorse the checks they receive from newspapers; but a real journalist and one so magnificently equipped that any editor, not a fool or a red-hot Tory, would welcome him with delight.

In his time Mr. Lynd has probably done most things that can be done on either a newspaper or a weekly review; and it is certain that he can write any feature of the literary side of a paper, whether it is a piece of descriptive writing, a short article, or a book review, better than almost anyone else. The mere fact of having to be topical, of being compelled to write about something merely because it happened yesterday, is in itself sufficient to dry up the source of wit and fancy in a great many literary men, but this necessity only seems to stimulate Mr. Lynd. No

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matter where he is sent — if he is sent — he returns in triumph, waving the brush.

His descriptive writing, for example, is magnificent journalism, prompt to the occasion and ready to dance any reader's eye down to the bottom of a newspaper column; but even at its lightest it is also something more than journalism, for there is a quality in it that will withstand the lapse of a day or a month or a year. We have only to glance at his account of a visit to the Derby and of a night's boxing, two pieces of descriptive writing that were done for a daily paper, to see that even the most ferocious newspaperman would applaud them as journalism; but we should also discover, in the first, passages like this: —

> Then one had a glimpse of three horses close — well, fairly close — on each other's tails, and none of them the gray Tetratema. I noticed that on one of them crouched a jockey in exquisite grass-green. He passed like a fine phrase out of a poem of which one does not know the rest.

And we should have to confess that even in its easiest strain there is an imaginative quality in his writing that makes it rise superior to the hand-to-mouth work of journalism.

Mr. Lynd then, instead of preening himself in a corner, has done what so many of our eighteenth-century writers did: he has marched into literature by way of journalism, the day's round, the common task. It is not everybody's way, but it is especially suitable for writers with well-stored, sane, and masculine minds, men who can take hold of experience and translate it freely, who can ransack their own minds and plunder the outside world with an equal measure of success; and when once a man does enter literature by this road, there can be no doubt as to his capacity — he is worth hearing.

While Mr. Lynd has been proving to all good judges that he is one of the ablest literary journalists of our time, he has also been creating for himself a singularly happy position in the literature of our time. Some people consider this antithesis of literature and journalism entirely false, and declare that there is, or — sometimes — ought to be, no difference between the two. But in reply, taking the matter in its simplest form, we can point out that books — even bad books — are still produced with an eye to permanency and for the ultimate benefit of posterity, and papers are still produced with an eye to the moment and for the ultimate benefit of the fishmonger; that journalism, unlike literature, does not pretend to stand by itself, but has to depend on its topical appeal, its value as news — even a review is simply news of a book; that the mere fact that some, a few, writers have succeeded in both forms, have sometimes bridged the gulf, only proves that there is a gulf to bridge and accentuates the difference between the two forms.

If the other side could produce a long list of writers who are given an equally uproarious welcome by newspaper editors and fastidious literary critics, then our case would be considerably weakened. But no such long list will be forthcoming; it will be a very short list, and prominent among the few names on it will be that of Mr. Lynd.

Tolerance is more often than not another name for indifference; it is mere laziness, lack of interest, a mental shrug of the shoulders. But with Mr. Lynd, tolerance is a passion. Perhaps he discovered it long ago, shining like a rich jewel, in a place where it is all too rarely found — in the country of his birth. Certainly he did discover it, and crossed from Northern Ireland, the home of intolerance, to easy-going England, to preach good humor. There is nothing strange in this; probably it is

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only the dusty Arab who can become eloquent in praise of water.

We needed someone to whom tolerance was a passion and not a mere habit of mind, to whom it was something hardly earned, in itself a rich reward, so that we could see it anew and realize its worth. No one has helped us to do this more than Mr. Lynd, who has constituted himself the battle champion of good humor and never becomes angry save on behalf of good temper. 'The world is crying out just now for a return of good humor,' he tells us at the beginning of an essay — in *The Passion of Labour* — on the subject; and he praises London, as well he might, for its easy temper: 'Lacking its good humor,' he writes, 'it would be one of the most uninhabitable of cities. Who would live amid the buzz of eight million spites?'

His essays on criticism so far as they are a plea for anything are a plea for tolerance, and his own critical practice cannot be impeached. It is only intolerance itself that is too much for his forbearance, and only harsh or superior persons, critics with a knout in their hands, excite his anger.

Two things must be remembered in connection with this passion of his for tolerance. The first is that it does not proceed from mere indifference, an absence of convictions. Mr. Lynd has his opinions, democratic and nationalist, and does not hesitate to express them. Indeed, not only has he been an ardent propagandist, but at no time does he really lay his opinions on one side as some essayists do; and for all its light whimsical air, its gentle high spirits, its occasional excursions into paradox, his work is thoroughly saturated with his general views of life; and whether he is writing about an author or an egg, there are present in his writing those ethical implications, those indirect references to conduct, that are the mark of a masculine mind in letters.

The titles of two of his earlier books, *Home Life in Ireland* and *Rambles in Ireland*, suggest that they formed part of a series designed to assist the prospective tourist, a series of pleasant jog-trot surveys of scenery, history, and manners; but the curious reader will find that, whereas Mr. Lynd gives him some very readable sketches of Irish history, some shrewd observations upon the social life of the country, and — it goes without saying — some amazingly good portraits of Irish character, he has also left out all the topography and scenery and put in all the politics in their place, to the probable confusion of the publisher and his friend, the prospective tourist. Two of his later volumes, *The Passion of Labour* and *If The Germans Conquered England*, are entirely made up of essays on political and social questions, and though they touch upon topical themes for the most part, they are so engagingly written, move so lightly and yet with such sureness, are so seldom flawed with the passion of the moment and reach out to such large issues, that they may be read with delight by the open-minded from now until the next barbarian invasion.

This branch of his work, journalistic in that it takes up the glove as soon as it is flung down, philosophical in that it refers the matter to something beyond the needs of the moment, must be remembered when we come to his more literary and general essays, for these large interests give his work a background, a standard of reference, without which even his lightest paper would not be the thing it is. Had he not written so well on Ruthlessness, Nationality, or the Importance of Forgetting History, he would not have written so well on the Betting Man, the Chocolate Bus, or Riding on a Char-à-banc.

So, too, his criticism has a biographical trend; he has a sharper eye for a man than he has for a book; he

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does not linger over the methods of the art, does not stop to analyze, but makes straight for his author, and splashes about in a glittering stream of epigram until he has found the witty, illuminating phrase: 'Horace Walpole was a dainty rogue in porcelain who walked badly'; 'Oscar Wilde is a writer whom one must see through in order to appreciate'; 'Mr. Bennett is at once a connoisseur and a card'; 'Henley was master of the vainglorious phrase. He was Pistol with a style'; and so on.

The style of his critical essays — nervous, pointed, epigrammatic — exactly fits his method. It is not a style in which to tell the exact truth, to suggest the fine shades; but for a lightning portrait, made up of a few vivid strokes, it can hardly be excelled, and such portraits are Mr. Lynd's business in criticism. For the rest, though he is not always right in his estimates and can grind his little personal axes with the next critic, he is never dull, always persuasive, — sometimes dangerously so, — always sane, humorous, tolerant, a man to walk with among books and authors.

The second thing to remember is that this knight-errant of tolerance is an Irishman. Had he been an Englishman, at least a normal Englishman, so optimistic a strain, such an enthusiasm for good humor, would have left him a very wishy-washy, Skimpole-like creature. Who does not know and contemn the Englishman who has made the national virtue into a vice, who is forever saying that every opinion is partly true and that there is something to be said for everybody, who brings gruel to the feast of thought? But Mr. Lynd belongs to a race that is mentally harder than the English, more given to sardonic humors, to wit and irony, nearer to black melancholy by many a league; and this smiling enthusiasm of his, instead of making him the author of bright and shallow prattlings, simply acts as a kindly leaven. The result is a full man, that wise, witty, and lovable personality so familiar to readers of *The Pleasures of Ignorance* and *Solomon In All His Glory* and the rest. It is a blend that has made him that very rare person in life and literature — a tolerant and kindly wit, an epigrammatist with a heart.

Some critics and reviewers, in search of a grievance, are always grumbling because our essayists collect their contributions to the press and make books of them. They seem to imagine that this is yet another sign of the degenerate times, and clearly forget that our best essays have always had their roots in the press, that our essayists were not called periodical writers for nothing; and, in short, they seem to remember Sir Arthur Helps, and contrive to forget Steele, Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, Lamb, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt. They forget that a thing may be both good fun to-day and good literature to-morrow, and that even editors may entertain angels unawares. An essayist may come to the market-place for an hour or so every week, and yet so contrive his utterance that he will afterward find his way, like the poets, into the library and stay there forever, blossoming in purple and red.

Mr. Lynd's general essays, and particularly those in the two volumes mentioned above, are his most valuable and personal contributions to our literature; and they only appear in periodicals as men put up for a night at an inn — their home is in these delightful little volumes, volumes that Mr. Lynd had in his mind all the time he was writing the various papers that compose them. The very fact that these papers have, as it were, successfully buttonholed the casual reader of a periodical is in their favor as pieces of literature; they grapple with the life about them; they

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are true to the kindred points of Heaven and Home; they begin anywhere, in the street, the house, the fields, and end everywhere; they take a topic of the moment, an object, a common experience, and relate them to the author's whole vision of life; they show us the Chocolate Bus in its proper place in the solar system, and relate the betting man to the Milky Way; they occupy a middle place between poetry and philosophy, but come to us in a homelier guise than either and demand no solemn service of music before they can perform their offices.

The author of such papers is a public benefactor, for he enriches and deepens life, hands on something of his capacity for enjoyment, shames us out of our gloomy indifference by his superior wit and power of observation, and makes us eager to appreciate the significance of little things: we leave his company happier and wiser men. It is true that some of these essays have not that organic nature which makes the true essay as valid a literary form as the lyric or the drama. Every now and then Mr. Lynd yields to temptation and simply decorates a number of facts with wit and fancy, and so leaves us with the feeling that we have just attended a very bright conjuring trick and not the revelation of a personality. It is a temptation that presses heavily upon an unusually eloquent and ready writer who has his hands full of work, and it is to Mr. Lynd's credit that he does not succumb to it very often.

His greatest asset is his manner, partly natural but probably brought nearer to perfection by great labor, a manner that enables him to take in the most varied matter and to deal with it in a score of different ways — to be whimsical, grave, ironical, humorous in turn, without disturbing his even flow, without that awkward jumping from posture to posture that irritates us in some other less fortunate writers. It gives him a freedom in his choice of subjects that is denied to some other essayists who, possessing a less flexible manner and knowing that their work must be in one 'key,' have to restrict themselves very severely in their choice of subjects and in their attitude toward those subjects.

Mr. Lynd can pass from one theme to another, very different, theme, from one mood to another mood, lightly and easily, without a break in the continuity of his work, like a man idly flashing on his finger an iridescent jewel. It is this that gives his essays the quality of exquisitely contrived talk: a multitude of topics, birds, sportsmen, houses, eggs, free-lovers, books, insects, the seasons, death and eternity, come and go; but the voice falling upon our ears is always the same. He may, for example, write an essay on Eggs, and make such a confession, a delightful shred or two of gossamer, as this: —

> I have always thought it one of the chief miseries of being a man that, when boiled eggs are put on the table, one does not get first choice, and that all the little brown eggs are taken by women and children before one's own turn comes round. There is one sort of egg with a beautiful sunburnt look that always reminds me of the seaside, and that I have not tasted in a private house for above twenty years. To begin the day with such an egg would put one in a good temper for a couple of hours. But always one is fobbed off with a large white egg of demonstrative uncomeliness. It may taste all right, but it does not look all right. Food should appeal to the eye as well as to the palate, as everyone recognizes when the blancmange that has not set is brought to the table.

He may meditate on a chance remark made by a bus-conductor; he may blithely discuss the pleasures of dining, in an essay 'On Feeling Gay'; he may write an essay on June, an opulent,

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colored thing, and fill it with such eloquent passages as these: —

> There is no getting beyond the old image of things in general as a stream that disappears. The flowers and the birds come in tides that sweep over the world and in a moment are like a broken wave. The lilacs filled with purple; laburnum followed, and in a few days all the gold ebbed, and nothing was left but a drift of withered blossoms on the ground; then came the acacia-flowers, white as the morning among the cool green plumage of the tree, and now they, too, have been turned into dirtiness and deserted foam. And in the hedges change has been as swift, as merciless — change so imperceptible in what it is doing, so manifest in what it has done. The white blossoms of the sloe gave place to the foam of the hawthorn and the flat clusters of the wayfaring tree; now in its turn has come the flood of the elder-flowers, a flood of commonness, and June on the roads would hardly be beautiful were it not for the roses that settle, delicate and fleeting as butterflies, on the long and crooked briers. . . .

But whatever his theme or his mood, he makes us feel that we are in contact with the same delightful personality; and there is no question here, as there is so often, of our having to cope with half-a-dozen only partly realized and conflicting personalities. And this is to possess a manner that is indeed enviable.

Like most good essayists, Mr. Lynd, being a homely mediator between philosophy and poetry, can always be discovered generalizing with the philosopher and 'particularizing' with the poet. Here, for example, is a comparatively simple passage that concludes his essay on 'The Student': —

> The man who has had a university education believes it is the only education worth having. The man who is self-educated believes in self-education as the secret of success. The man who idled at college explains what a blessing his idleness has been to him. The man who has read his eyes out praises God for his labors. Thus, when we look back, we all turn out to have been model students. . . . At the same time, if one had it all to do over again, how eagerly one would consult the pages of Professor Adams for good advice! How one would plunge into an enthusiasm for work! And — how one would find one's self the next morning far from the droning lecture-room, smoking a pipe of Navy Cut and discussing the immortality of the soul under the blackening elms of the Botanic Gardens!

And it is worth remarking how the very effective final sentence gains by giving us the particular instances — the 'pipe of Navy Cut,' the 'immortality of the soul,' the 'blackening elms of the Botanic Gardens.' Rewrite the sentence, omitting these concrete illustrations and putting in their place the vague and general statements that most of us would be content to make, and how much is lost! Such writing, a kind of poetry that has a gentle and philosophical gayety instead of passion, a poetry in pipe and slippers, knows the value of imagery, and feeds the imagination as well as the intellect. When a man is the master of such a style and has unusual powers of observation, a notable sense of humor, and a magnificent capacity for enjoyment, there is no gainsaying him: he has us in thrall. He can bring anything into literature, even Lyons' tea-shops.

But good as he is on such subjects, he is even better when he forsakes the town for the country. Writing as one ignorant of the subject, the present writer cannot say whether Mr. Lynd's delightful essays about birds add anything to natural history, but they certainly help to shift the balance of pleasure and pain in human history. Birds innumerable flutter through these essays, and always his style lifts and takes wing to follow them. His latest book opens and closes on the subject of birds. It begins with a kingfisher, so prettily, so cunningly: —

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Not to have seen a kingfisher leaves the world full of a mysterious beauty. There is still something to be sought for — something prettier than the North Pole, before it was discovered, and less impossible as an object of search than the Holy Grail. Every river-bank along which one wanders is rich with its unseen colors. Not a willow grows aslant a brook but might be the perch of this winged rainbow. . . .

and it closes with an essay on Wild Life in London that ends in this fashion: —

It is better to be content to say, as anyone may say, 'I have seen rooks in Rotten Row. I have seen bats over the Serpentine.' For even these things, common though they are, never cease to delight. The rook, the bat, and the sea-gull — how a dead city breaks into life at a mere movement of their wings!

And he is never so full of grace and charm as he is when he is writing about these delicate creatures.

The style of these essays demands a last word. Those readers who send their eyes but not their ears to keep appointments with books will probably underestimate this prose. It has been designed in the first place for the narrow columns of a periodical and so has been broken up into short sentences, simply for the benefit of the eye; but unlike the style of his critical papers it is not really a short-sentence style at all. Compare it with true 'snip-snap' that takes a breath every other moment, avoids conjunctions, and achieves a mechanical, rattling effect, coming to the ear like the noise of a machine-gun, and the difference is plain. Mr. Lynd's prose has variety, modulation; like all good prose, it has a rhythm of its own. Occasionally it descends into 'snip-snap,' but generally, beneath its quiet ease and gentle 'hurry of the spirit,' there is some very delicate modulation, and a certain characteristic rhythm, present even in his earliest essays in *Irish and English*, that makes this prose into a voice. But what has happened is that Mr. Lynd has punctuated for the eye rather than for the ear; and if space allowed it would be interesting to repunctuate and regroup one or two characteristic passages.

Many of his full-stops are not recognized by the ear as full-stops but as semicolons and colons; the rhythm flows on from sentence to sentence, and what appear breaks to the eye — between one sentence and another — are not proper pauses to the ear, busy with the melody. This is not to assert that Mr. Lynd punctuates wrongly, for, apart from logical and grammatical considerations, punctuation is simply a system of notation for the ear, and therefore a matter for individual taste. But it may be doubted whether Mr. Lynd has not lost some readers' ears while he has been catching their eyes, and it is the ear alone that can appreciate the felicities of such excellent prose.

This, however, is no great matter, and it is probably the only one in which Admetus has robbed Apollo in Mr. Lynd's work; for he has served both these masters, as one of them served the other, and he has served them faithfully and well, as few men in our time have done. Most of us would agree that such a writer, with no thin, undersized talent to be nourished on sympathy and seclusion, would not have been the magnificent proseman he is, had it not been for the circumstance that made him create literature out of what lay about him, out of his day's work. We can, however, leave all such questions to be answered by one who will only be too glad to answer them, one who will surely prove to be not the least of Mr. Lynd's admirers — no other than Prince Posterity.

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THE VALUE OF PRIMITIVE LITERATURE

BY ERNEST RENAN

[*These pages constitute one of the early literary works of Ernest Renan, written while he was still a student. They are published with the consent of the great scholar's heirs.*]

From *La Revue Mondiale, February* 15
(PARIS CURRENT-AFFAIRS SEMIMONTHLY)

A TIME generally comes in the literary life of a country when the national mind appears to revert to its infancy and caress the fathers of its intellectual development with fresh complacency.

This taste for antiquities is natural to mankind and it is akin to that filial piety which makes us love everyone from whom we have received some spark of life or truth. When the past has become a kind of temple to us, we are fond of surrounding these men with a sacred aura and kissing with religious respect these monumental stones that have formed the basis of the structure of our intellectual life. All illiterate and primitive peoples consider the ancient book that has accompanied and enlivened their march through the centuries as inspired. They do not think that they are honoring their ancestors too much in supposing that they used to be nearer God. Literate and wise nations profess the same respect for the fathers of their literature.

Greece, whose religion presents the possibly unique peculiarity of not having given any book of revelation to the common mind of humanity, seems to have made up for the lack of holy books with the cult of her ancient poets.

Homer received almost religious honors in the schools of grammar and philosophy that had come to look on the writings that bore his name as a collection of iron-bound texts for the solution of philosophic and theological problems. His poems became almost sacred and they were bolstered up with every exegetical and critical science with which people are apt to surround the book that serves as the depository for their beliefs. Even in the smallest details, mysteries were ferreted out, and in the criticism to which he was subjected could be found the germs of the spirit that under other circumstances produced the subtle and involved thought of the Kabbalah. Nothing could be the result of chance in a work that was considered sacred.

Latin literature, which felt more youthful and had passed no fabulous infancy in the night of time, took less part in this retrospective fantasy. Although the admiration and the energy of the imitators of the following century were usually directed toward the classics, although Virgil in poetry and Cicero in prose are the two literary divinities of the Latin decadence, Rome did not cease honoring with a sort of filial piety the fathers of her literary development, and the names of Accius, Ennius, Pacuvius, and Lucilius were always the objects of religious veneration.

Even at the time of Horace we see that there was a scandal in Roman letters when satire presumed to lay bare some faults in Ineclius, though it was done with the forms of respect due to the ancestors. We see defenders of the ancient poets arising on all sides

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and the imprudent aggressor had to use all his skill to support his thesis with new arguments. The reputation of the father of satire did not wane during the following centuries, and we find a tradition of editors, commentators, critics, and panegyrists who explain and imitate him. Persius, Horace, Fronto, Aulus Gellius, Ausonius, and Lactantius attest to this in their praises, their imitations, or their criticisms.

Accius and Pacuvius also had their admirers, as some verses of Persius prove when we see them put into the hands of youth as if they were classics. At last only Ennius remained like an old temple consecrated to national poetry, the object of a cult and almost of adoration. He wrote nothing more than those cold tragedies, in feeble imitation of the Greeks, that constituted the first Roman drama and left no durable traces behind them, as Cicero unceasingly attests and as all literary history bears witness.

But it is especially in modern history that this tendency appears with marked traits and highly pronounced color. What poet is dearer to England than her old Chaucer, to say nothing of the enthusiasm for Shakespeare, which is sufficiently explained by the intrinsic merit of his poems. Are not their characteristics the very substance of James Macpherson's work (*Ossian*) and Chatterton's? They found no better way of acquiring a vogue during the last century and awakening interest than by covering themselves up with names of poets of another age.

Germany, the most devoted of any nation to literary traditions, professes a sort of poetic cult based on her minnesingers and her old Nibelungen chants, over which her poets and scholars vie with one another to pour out their comments. We know with what ardor, toward the end of the century, the greatest geniuses of that nation, such as Klopstock, the two Schlegels, Haller, and Novalis, surged forth under the banner of these old Germanic chants to the conquest of a new ideal.

France herself, so long disdainful of her literary past, who had clearly declared that she had no poet before Malherbe, even France retraced her steps and finally regretted having denied her ancestors for so long a time. When the heirs of the literary doctrines of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had demonstrated by their sterility that the kind of beauty exploited in the past two centuries had been exhausted, and that it was necessary to look for other veins in the inexhaustible mine of the human soul, a sudden return set in to those writers who had exhibited such energetic originality during the infancy of our literature.

This infatuation, which was legitimate if it was content to restore the reputation of too harshly judged writers, had its ridiculous side, like all reactionary movements, in feeble spirits who simply followed the impulse of the momentary vogue. A brief word from Montaigne or Charron made your fortune; people lamented their old-fashioned style. A new charm was found in their very antiquity, and you were treated like a barbarian if, in an epoch that was jealous of correctness as it was then understood, you dared let your hand touch those precious enamels to change their brilliant native colors. And it was not only Amyot and Montaigne, Marot and Rabelais who were considered charming and inimitable, it was not only Ronsard and his Pléiade whose reinstatement was zealously demanded; they went further back into a distant era which the century of Louis XIV hardly deigned to label with the name of French literature at all. The Middle Ages and their poetry became the fashionable literature; to be interesting you had to talk

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about them, and people fell into a habit of repeating after Schlegel that here was the period in which to seek the true French literature.

If this were an opinion that only a few erudite people expressed, I should regard it as easily explained. Because, independent of the real merits of the works that are the objects of his labors, the pedant is compelled to express sovereign admiration for the books that have cost him so much labor. It would be too much to have consecrated years of effort to a work unless it were admirable! But the tendency showed itself in other ways and other causes must accordingly be sought for.

Apart from this literary piety which, especially at certain periods, carries us back to the past, the ancient authors will always have a charm for us that modern productions will never know how to equal. That charm consists in showing us a world that lives in an intellectual state very different from our own. We must guard against thinking that the literary taste of a people is always the certain index of the state of society, and that the book which best represents the practical habits of the moment is the book that most charms the popular imagination. Such persons love to wander about in an ideal state that no longer exists and nourish themselves on their regrets.

Was not the idyll in style during the years preceding the Revolution, and would not the man who judged our customs on the basis of our theatrical pieces and novels be making a very inaccurate analysis? Literary sympathies are subject to the same caprices, and the most widely read authors are often those whose naïveté and abandon — contrasting most strongly with the mannered tone of the century — rest eyes that are wearied with beholding modern life. They are what we no longer are and what we regret not being able to be; they are young and we are old. Just as an old man loves to recall his childhood and carries a clearer picture of it than of the intervening years, so our imagination, when abandoned to its instincts, turns in preference toward the books and naïve works that are full of juvenile zest and frank truthfulness that mark our literary youth. They represent to us that fantastic beauty which we desire along with our love for the slightly colder eternal beauty. Marble statues never keep us from enjoying miniatures, arabesques, or other caprices of art.

I have also observed that the return to the past manifests itself especially in periods following great literary centuries when weak imitation has tried to continue them; but it is perhaps at this moment of classic perfection that literature is least original, or, better still, least self-sufficient. In fact, it is rare for a great movement to manifest itself without a mixture of two different spirits; and it is perhaps a law of all the great developments of the human spirit that this contact is essential in bringing forth masterpieces. Rome and France have only been prolific in great creations when they were put in intimate commerce, in one case with Greece, and in the other with the spirit of all antiquity.

This necessary mixture cannot work, however, without granting some concessions to originality of mind and to nature. Every nation carries in its midst an individual type, a certain group of ideas and forms of ideas that it is charged to develop and that create the interest and originality of its character. If it only obeyed this tendency, if it only followed this ideal, its literature would be entirely national but would possess a less rare beauty than the work of people who have filled out their points of view by foreign contacts and have come nearer to the general

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type of humanity. Such works, having become classics, would then no longer represent an isolated nation, but humanity itself in its general laws. They know no local color, they even efface nationality; and I think that people have rightly refused the title of national literature to the literature of the time of Louis XIV without caring whether it was a reproach or not.

Primitive literature, on the other hand, is like a mould, the very imprint of the nation that has produced it, and it is for that reason more strongly marked, it has a more individual and original tint than the expressions of people who go to foreign countries to wear off the salient points of their natural characteristics by the contacts they make there, and the temperaments with which they come in touch. But when these regular general forms have succeeded in discoloring and erasing all the shape and imprint of liveliness, the primitive and original style is regretted, everything that bears a foreign taint is treated as an impure mixture, and we come back to the ancient springs that better represent the native spirit of the country. Germany presented this literary phenomenon in the most striking fashion when she reacted powerfully against the cold and feeble group of French imitators and proclaimed Germanism in literature and art. Without making such high-sounding declarations, France has shown no less clearly that she went back to the same thing when she revolted against the general color — more ancient than French — of the literature of Louis XIV.

It is remarkable, however, that the illiterate class always remains faithful to its poetic traditions and to its first authors. This class has no need of a return to the past, for it has never given up the past. It was not in the suave and harmonious stories of Greece that people of the seventeenth century found their pleasure and their interest. The old heroic legends of the nation, stripped of their ancient glory and fallen into that Blue Library, a refuge scarcely worthy of so much grandeur, still charm their imagination, although these poetic traditions were ridiculed by a cultivated court which disdained the past, and although a satire or some epigrammatic verses by Boileau had not failed to reach that ignorant poet who, with so many heroes to choose from, had selected Roland.

The people always protest against any foreign invasion of their literature, and that is easy to understand. Itself an energetic and exclusive representative of the national type, the popular mind does not comprehend a mind of different sort. It appreciates only those literary pictures in which it recognizes its own image. The people remain forever the representatives of the nation's own originality. When literary people turn back to that they are merely joining it again at the stage where it has always been.

This return to the literary past, however, is characteristic of the human mind. There is not a single people that does not have genealogical legends of its own, and does not delight in pointing out the tombs of its forefathers. It is characteristic of the animal alone to live merely its own present individual life. It is the glory of mankind to have a past and to have ancestors, to link its own nobility with them, and to love to discuss them. Often the oldest are the dearest.

Literary relationship, in fact, by no means follows the same laws as blood relationship. The direct link is not always the closest. It seems as though affection grows stronger in proportion as the degree of relationship is attenuated. The son often appears merely as a successor, the father merely as a pred-

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ecessor who is replaced, and nowhere is it truer than in literature that one seldom loves his own heir presumptive. Michelangelo taxed Raphael with effeminacy, Corneille spoke of Racine as a youngster just beginning and endowed with a good deal of vigor. In our eyes Racine is the literary son of Corneille, but in Corneille's eyes he was a successor. Hence we have a reaction of the rising against the setting sun, a battle of their rays, and the calm, serene view is impossible. A just and impartial appreciation is possible only for those who are already far distant in time from the struggles of our horizon, deep in that peaceful blue whose distance extinguishes the fires that burn too bitterly. These are the pure stars that the eye regards with calm and tranquil pleasure.

Can this return, inevitably brought about by the scheme of things, be useful, and can it exercise a salutary influence upon the age that feels its force? I believe that it can, and I think that both language and literature may derive precious advantages from it. Languages, in fact, are like the human body; and, like everything else that pertains to mankind, they are in a perpetual flow of parts, which they admit, use, and reject when they have gone clear through the cycle of circulation. It is a genuine inner nutrition which has its phases and its periods. Languages, therefore, require food to make up their losses and to sustain their vitality.

Whence are they to draw this nutriment? There are two sources, one foreign, the other at home. They can live by loans from abroad, or they can have recourse to that ancient hoard of riches bequeathed them by their fathers, which they are always far from having exhausted. This second source, always the more preferable, ought especially to be the one chosen for the French language. We know with what severity our early grammarians conducted themselves in the process of admitting each word of our academic language. The elimination was severe, perhaps too severe; and although men of more indulgent taste have demanded the admission of a host of words discarded by that rigid assembly, nevertheless there remain outside — or, to put it more truly, ahead — of our cultivated and ordered speech a mass of native riches set apart, which offer precious pearls to him who will go to the trouble of gathering them. There are the words of sound value, struck in the popular national mint, which Fénelon was already regretting and which might spare us these embarrassing and colorless alms which we are perpetually begging of foreign languages.

Finally, literature itself can only gain by bathing itself again in its ancient springs where are to be found, pure and unmixed, the true French spirit. There it can take on some of this new varnish of originality and that personal quality that becomes necessary to color the pallor of a literature whose most recent endeavors fail for lack of strong relief and originality.

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SARAH BERNHARDT

BY ROBERT DE BEAUPLAN

From *L'Illustration, March* 31
(Paris Illustrated Weekly)

It is a princess of legend who has just died. No one has shaken more hearts, nor has anyone communicated to us more deeply the thrill of heroism or the divine sweetness of tears. Successive generations have been swept away by her transports, have quivered at the caress of her voice, have wept at her feigned sorrows that were often more poignant than real ones.

The numberless images that she left behind for us take shape again to-day before our eyes. Only a very few of us have the privilege of remembering the earliest ones: her enchantment began sixty years ago. But the stirring, almost octogenarian figure of a grandmother whom we again saw on the stage last year, whom we almost saw at the beginning of this year, links together without transition the Lorenzaccio of 1912 and the Duke of Reichstadt of 1900, astounding figures in a youth that we used to like to believe eternal.

Those illustrious artists who have held crowds breathless under the spell of their words and gestures have a melancholy fate, for nothing but their names lives after them. There is no common measure to place them in the position where they belong. To say of Madame Sarah Bernhardt that she was the greatest artist of our time seems like weak praise that does not befit her. It makes us wonder whether there was not someone else — Champmeslé, Clairon, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Rachel — who carried the sublimity of art to a higher pitch. History offers no example of any other career so magnificently full; in all the countries of the world no one has been accorded more glorious deification, no one has more universally contributed to the diffusion of French thought.

It was in 1880 that she crossed the Atlantic for the first time. She had toured in Italy for four months. When she sailed for the United States, ten years of success had already sanctified her renown, which kept on growing from day to day. For more than half a century, in France and outside of France, in Europe and in America, she lavished the inexhaustible supply of charm that emanated from her, with untiring activity and with astonishing vitality. The intelligence is confounded at such a display of energy and courage.

When young, she was so delicate and frail that people were always worried about her health. When she was seventy-two, a terrible mutilation took part of her physical strength away from her without weakening the resistance of her soul. She who talked of death at thirty was still acting when she was almost eighty. In her dressing-room at the Théâtre Edouard VII, just before going on the stage, she had her first fainting fit two days before Christmas. But last week she acted a motion picture in her hotel on the Boulevard Pereire, only sorry that sickness condemned her on this occasion to the silent art.

Rosine Bernard — that was her real name — was born in Paris on the twenty-third of October, 1844, under

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romantic circumstances that autobiographical confidences still leave obscure. Her father was a Jew, converted to Catholicism; her mother was Dutch. In her childhood she was tormented with nervous crises, violent storms of anger, and fainting spells. In the Versailles convent where she was brought up, she dipped into mysticism and revolt. One day she ran away and was taken back by some officers in the camp at Satory.

When she was given the part of the angel in the sacred play called *Tobie Recouvrant la Vue*, which was presented before Monseigneur Sibour, the Duke of Morny, who was present, was struck by the excellence of her performance and advised her to go to the Conservatory. It was there that she made her dramatic début. But she did not dream of the theatre. She wanted to become a nun. Nevertheless she presented herself at the trials and was admitted at the age of sixteen to Provost's class. Her recitation of 'The Two Pigeons' was sufficient testimony. 'What a shame,' said Auber, 'that that voice is not destined for singing!' In 1861 she won a first prize at tragedy in *Zaïre* and a second prize at comedy in *La Fausse Agnès*. The next year she did not even get a second prize at comedy and that was a cruel blow to her: she then thought of devoting her life to painting.

The protection of the Duke of Morny gained her an immediate engagement in the Comédie Française. She only stayed there for a few months, and her interpretations of *Iphigénie*, *Valérie*, and *Femmes Savantes* were of less importance than the slap in the face that she gave one of her companions, which caused her departure. The Gymnase got hold of her but did not know enough to keep her. The mediocrity of the parts she had to play prevented her from falling victim to the charms of a tour through Spain. In the meantime she spent two weeks at the Porte-Saint-Martin playing the rôle of a fairy princess in the ruinous revival of *La Biche au Bois*. 'It is an amusing piece,' Sardou had said, 'but not for the managers!'

Duquesnel engaged her for the Odéon. For one hundred and fifty francs a month she played Racine, Marivaux, George Sand, Dumas, Shakespeare, and finally the part of Zanetto in *Le Passant* by François Coppée. It was a triumph for the author and the actor. The war, during which Sarah Bernhardt devoted herself to the hospital that was installed in the Odéon, only postponed for several months a none the less continuous ascent. At the revival of *Ruy Blas* in 1872, Victor Hugo gave her the part of the queen and her success was such that the Comédie Française had to take her on again.

In spite of her rapid rise in the world in 1875, her quarrels with the manager, Perrin, who had dubbed her Mademoiselle La Revolte, have remained legendary. Moreover she often played classic and modern drama, one after the other — Junie, Chérubin, Aircie in *Phèdre*, Zaïre, and the Phèdre herself, a rôle in which no one since has equaled her, adding to the repertory various creations in *La Fille de Roland*, *Gabrielle*, *L'Étrangère*, and *Rome Vaincue*. At last, in 1877, she was Doña Sol, an unforgettable incarnation. She deserved the famous tribute of Victor Hugo: 'You have been great and charming; you have stirred me, an old warrior; and at one moment while the audience, moved and enchanted by you, applauded, I wept.'

But the manager did not disarm. It must also be confessed that this fantastical member of his company multiplied the occasions on which she provoked him. It was the time when she

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managed every day to attract attention by her eccentricities, with a mixture of ostentation and sincerity. The idle class of Paris attached much importance to the skeletons with which Sarah Bernhardt adorned her room, on the white-satin-padded coffin where she lay rehearsing her parts, on the deer and alligators that she kept as pets, on the masculine costumes that she demanded, on the busts that she exhibited, on the articles she wrote, on the high-sounding resignations that she gave and then retracted. At the bottom of this agitation lay a need to expend herself rather than to advertise herself and the restlessness of a perpetually insatiable nature. Yet what tremendous publicity she gained for her name the day when, Paris being unable to contain her, she went forth to lavish herself all over the world!

To do that, she only lacked her liberty. She gained this clamorously in the month of April, 1880, after she had been forced to play *L'Aventurière*, when she met with an unfavorable Press. A trip that she had made to London with the Comédie Française had given her the taste for travel. She went back there and then traveled to Sweden, Norway, and Denmark and finally embarked on the sixteenth of December for America. It was a fabulous journey such as no queen has ever known. Books were written about her — often false. Her contemporaries were especially struck by this extraordinary display of praise on a scale unheard of in the Old World, with special trains, unharnessed horses, frenzied acclamations of a delirious populace, extravagances of enthusiasm, and homage to the idol.

To-day we are understanding what these artistic expeditions of Sarah Bernhardt into foreign countries have done for the intellectual inheritance of France. In the United States, to which she returned four times, — and the last time during the Great War several months after her amputation, — in South America, Australia, England, Italy, the Scandinavian countries, Russia, and even Germany, she was the living and ideal incarnation of the French spirit. We have never had a more powerful ambassador. M. Edmond Haraucourt, who was joined to the great artist by a respectful friendship of forty years, scarcely exaggerated the case when he wrote, 'The five continents considered themselves sufficiently well informed if they knew two words of our language, two names in our history — Napoleon and Sarah Bernhardt.'

In France, however, in the intervals between her journeys, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt multiplied the creations, the undertakings, and the scope of her theatre. Since being in America — and it is perhaps the picture of her that will remain most popular — she is *La Dame aux Camélias*. She directed the Ambigu, she created Sardou's *Fédora* at the Vaudeville, she bought the theatre of Porte-Saint-Martin, she acted the plays of Jean Richepin — *Froufrou*, *Nana Sahib*, and *Macbeth;* she returned to Sardou with *Théodora*, *La Tosca*, which was a triumph, and *Cléopâtre*. It is impossible to enumerate all her parts. From 1893 to 1898, she owned the Theatre of the Renaissance, which she opened with a production of *Les Rois* by Jules Lemaître. There she acted *Les Mauvais Bergers* by Mirbeau, *Médée* by Catulle Mendès, and *La Ville Morte* by Gabriele d'Annunzio. In the historic year of 1895 she created *La Princesse Lointaine* by Edmond Rostand. A poet was born who would reanimate romantic drama and who would create the memorable Doña Sol, *La Samaritaine* and *L'Aiglon*. The municipal council, on this occasion happily inspired, had granted her the

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theatre which bears her name. It was there ever since 1899, in her own home, that she took up all her great rôles again. And she added twenty new ones as well, which she illuminated with her own radiance.

The poets, who had recognized in her their sovereign, fêted her on the ninth of November, 1896, in a kind of sublime apotheosis. It was on that day that Edmond Rostand consecrated her 'Queen of attitude and Princess of gesture.' His sonnet is in everyone's mind, but we recall less clearly a page also written by Rostand that describes the 'lady of energy' in a most lifelike and characteristic portrait.

'A cab stops at a door; a woman in heavy furs gets out quickly; she goes through the crowd that has been attracted by the bell on her carriage, giving them a smile; she runs lightly up a winding stairway; bursts into an overheated dressing-room full of flowers; throws to one side her little ribboned purse that has everything in it, and to the other side casts off her hat made of bird's wings; briefly complains about the disappearance of her sables; clothed in white silk she rushes on to a dark stage, livens up by her arrival a pale crowd of people who are yawning there in the dark; comes and goes animating everything she touches; takes a place at the puppet show, arranges it, indicates the gestures and intonations; draws herself up, asks to have it repeated, reddens with anger, sits down again, smiles, drinks some tea; she begins repeating the lines herself and makes the old actors whose heads are thrust out from behind the scenes weep; comes back to her dressing-room, where the decorators are waiting for her, cuts their designs to pieces with scissors in order to rearrange them, is unable to do it, wipes her forehead with a lace handkerchief, disappears; she suddenly emerges on the fifth floor of the theatre in front of the flabbergasted costumer, rummages through chests of materials, assorts the costumes, drapery, and chiffons; goes down to her dressing-room again to learn from women specialists how to do her hair, gives an interview while making up bouquets, reads a hundred letters, returns to the stage to supervise the lighting of a setting; on seeing a stage-hand pass remembers a mistake he made the night before and pours her indignation out on him, goes back to her dressing-room for dinner, eats with Bohemian laughter, has not time enough to finish, dresses for the evening performance, acts passionately, talks of a thousand subjects between the acts, stays at the theatre after the performance until three o'clock in the morning to make various decisions; only decides to leave when she sees everyone respectfully asleep standing up, gets into her cab again, wraps herself up in her furs, thinking of the pleasure of finally going to sleep, bursts out laughing when she remembers that someone is waiting at her house to read to her a five-act play, goes home, listens to the play: is swept away, weeps, accepts it, cannot sleep and profits by studying the part.'

She had a magnificent motto, '*Quand Même*' — a symbol of her tenacity. Her life had enough in it to fill ten existences. She met with every kind of ovation and acclaim, she experienced all the profound joys of the most glorious career as well as the bitter fight against material difficulties. She who so often died on the stage, amid pathetic sobs and tears, has fallen into a peaceful sleep without any theatrical setting, aware of her approaching end; she has been taken away, silent, a consolation to those who love her.

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EMOTIONS IN FEATHERS

BY JULIAN HUXLEY

[*Mr. Huxley is a grandson of Darwin's great coworker and a Fellow of New College, Oxford. He was formerly Professor of Biology in the Rice Institute, Houston, Texas, and accompanied the recent British expedition to Spitzbergen to study the breeding habits of birds. He is author of* The Individual in the Animal Kingdom *and a well-known contributor to scientific and literary journals. As an undergraduate he won the Newdigate Prize for English verse.*]

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(London Literary Monthly)

'*Ils n'ont pas de cerveau — ils n'ont que de l'âme.*' A dog was being described, with all his emotion, his apparent passion to make himself understood, his failure to reach comprehension; and that was what the Frenchman of letters interjected — '*pas de cerveau — que de l'âme.*'

Nor is it a paradox: it is a half-truth that is more than half true — more true at least than its converse, which many hold. . . .

'*Pas de cerveau — que de l'âme.*' Those especially who have studied birds will subscribe to this. The variety of their emotions is greater, their intensity more striking than in four-footed beasts; their power of modifying behavior by experience is less, the subjection to instinct more complete.

Birds in general are stupid, in the sense of being little able to meet unforeseen emergencies; but their lives are often emotional, and their emotions are richly and finely expressed. I have for years been interested in observing the courtship and the relations of the sexes in birds, and have in my head a number of pictures of their notable and dramatic moments. These seem to me to illustrate so well the emotional furnishing of birds, and to provide such a number of windows into that strange thing we call a bird's mind, that I shall simply set some of them down as they come to me.

First, then, the coastal plain of Louisiana; a pond, made and kept as a sanctuary by that public-spirited bird-lover, Mr. E. A. McIlhenny, filled with noisy crowds of Egrets and little Egret-like Herons. These, in great flocks, fly back from their winter quarters in South America across the 'Mexique Bay' in the spring months. Arrived in Louisiana, they feed and roost in flocks for a time, but gradually split up into pairs.

Each pair, detaching themselves from the flocks, choose a nesting-site — by joint deliberation — among the willows and maples of the breeding-pond. And then follows a curious phenomenon. Instead of proceeding at once to biological business in the shape of nest-building and egg-laying, they indulge in what can only be styled a honeymoon. For three or four days both members of the pair are always on the chosen spot, save for the necessary visits which they alternately pay to the distant feeding-grounds. When both are there, they will spend hours at a time sitting quite still, just touching one another. Generally the hen sits on a lower branch, resting her head against the cock bird's flanks; they look for all the world like one of those inarticulate but happy

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couples upon a bench in the Park in spring.

Now and again, however, this passivity of sentiment gives place to wild excitement. Upon some unascertainable cause the two birds raise their necks and wings, and, with loud cries, intertwine their necks. This is so remarkable a sight that the first time I witnessed it I did not fully credit it, and only after it had happened before my eyes on three or four separate occasions was I forced to admit it as a regular occurrence in their lives. The long necks are so flexible that they can and do make a complete single turn round each other — a real true-lover's knot! This once accomplished, each bird then — most wonderful of all — runs its beak quickly and amorously through the just-raised aigrettes of the other, again and again, nibbling and clappering them from base to tip. Of this I can only say that it seemed to bring such a pitch of emotion that I could have wished to be a Heron that I might experience it. This over, they would untwist their necks and subside once more into their usual quieter sentimentality.

This, alas! I never saw with the less common little White Egret, but with the Louisiana Heron, which should, strictly speaking, be called an Egret too; but since every other action of the two species is, in all save a few minor details, the same, I assume that the flashing white, as well as the slate and vinous and gray birds, behave thus.

The greeting ceremony when one bird of the pair, after having been away at the feeding-grounds, rejoins its mate is also beautiful. Some little time before the human watcher notes the other's approach, the waiting bird rises on its branch, arches and spreads its wings, lifts its aigrettes into a fan and its head-plumes into a crown, bristles up the feathers of its neck, and emits again and again a hoarse cry. The other approaches, settles in the branches near by, puts itself into a similar position, and advances toward its mate; and after a short excited space they settle down close together.

This type of greeting is repeated every day until the young leave the nest; for after the eggs are laid both sexes brood, and there is a nest relief four times in every twenty-four hours. Each time the same attitudes, the same cries, the same excitement; only now, at the end of it all, one steps off the nest, the other on. One might suppose that this closed the performance. But no: the bird that has been relieved is still apparently animated by stores of unexpended emotion; it searches about for a twig, breaks it off or picks it up, and returns with it in its beak to present to the other. During the presentation the greeting ceremony is again gone through; after each relief the whole business of presentation and greeting may be repeated two, or four, or up even to ten or eleven times before the free bird flies away.

The Crested Grebe is happily becoming more familiar to bird-lovers in England. Its brilliant white belly, protective gray-brown back, rippleless and effortless diving, long neck, and splendid ruff and ear-tufts of black, chestnut, and white, conspire to make it a marked bird. In the winter the crest is small, and even when fully grown in spring it is usually held close down against the head, so as to be not at all conspicuous. When it is spread, it is, almost without exception, in the service of courtship or love-making.

Ten years ago I spent my spring holiday watching these birds on the Tring reservoirs. I soon found out that their courtship, like the Herons', was mutual, not one-sidedly masculine as in Peacocks or fowls. It consisted most commonly in a little ceremony of head-shaking. The birds of a pair come close,

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face one another, raise their necks, and half-spread their ruffs. Then, with a little barking note, they shake their heads rapidly, following this by a slow swinging of them from side to side. This alternate shaking and swinging continues perhaps a dozen or twenty times; and the birds then lower their standards, become normal everyday creatures, and betake themselves to their fishing or resting or preening again.

This is the commonest bit of love-making; but now and then the excitement evident even in these somewhat casual ceremonies is raised to greater heights and seems to reënforce itself. The little bouts of shaking are repeated again and again. I have seen over eighty succeed each other uninterruptedly. And at the close the birds do not relapse into ordinary life. Instead, they raise their ruffs still further, making them almost Elizabethan in shape. Then one bird dives; then the other — the seconds pass. At last, after perhaps half or three quarters of a minute, — half a minute is a long time when one is thus waiting for a bird's reappearance! — one after the other they emerge. Both hold masses of dark brownish-green weed, torn from the bottom of the pond, in their beaks, and carry their heads down and back on their shoulders, so that either can scarcely see anything of the other confronting it save the concentric colors of the raised ruff.

In this position they swim together. It is interesting to see the eager looks of the first-emerged, and its immediate start toward the second when it too reappears. They approach, rapidly, until the watcher wonders what will be done to avert a collision. The answer is simple: there is no averting of a collision! But the collision is executed in a remarkable way: the two birds, when close to each other, leap up from the water and meet breast to breast, almost vertical, suddenly revealing the whole flashing white undersurface. They keep themselves in this position by violent splashings of the feet, rocking a little from side to side as if dancing, and very gradually sinking down — always touching with their breasts — toward the horizontal.

Meanwhile, they exchange some of the weed they are carrying; or at least nibbling and quick movements of the head are going on. And so they settle down on to the water, shake their heads a few times more, and separate, changing back from these performers of an amazing age-old rite — age-old but ever fresh — into the feeding- and sleeping-machines of every day, but leaving a vision of strong emotion, canalized into the particular forms of this dive and dance. The whole performance impresses the watcher not only with its strength, but as being apparently of very little direct — though possibly much indirect — biological advantage, the action being self-exhausting, not stimulating to further sexual relations, and carried out, it would seem, for its own sake.

Further acquaintance with the Grebe only deepened the interest and made clearer the emotional tinge underlying all the relations of the sexes. This bird, too, has its 'greeting ceremony'; but since, unlike the colonial Herons and Egrets, it makes every effort to conceal its nest, this cannot take place at its most natural moment, that of nest-relief, but must be made to happen out on the open water where there are no secrets to betray.

If the sitting bird wishes to leave the nest, and the other does not return, it flies off, after covering the eggs with weed, in search of its mate; it is common in the breeding-season to see a Grebe in the 'search-attitude,' with neck stretched up and slightly forward and ear-tufts erected, emitting a special

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and far-carrying call. When this call is recognized and answered, the two birds do nothing so simple as to fly or swim to each other, but a special and obviously exciting ceremony is gone through.

The bird that has been searched for and found puts itself into a very beautiful attitude, with wings half-spread and set at right angles to the body, ruff erected circularly, and head drawn back upon the shoulders, so that nothing is visible but the brilliant rosette of the spread ruff in the centre of the screen of wings, each wing showing a broad bar of brilliant white on its dusk-gray surface. In this position it swings restlessly back and forth in small arcs, facing toward its mate.

The discoverer meanwhile has dived; but, swimming immediately below the surface of the water, its progress can be traced by the arrowy ripple it raises. Now and again it lifts its head and neck above the water, periscope-wise, to assure itself of its direction, and resumes its subaqueous course. Nor does it rise just in front of the other bird; but swims under and just beyond, and, as its mate swings round to the new orientation, emerges in a really extraordinary attitude.

At the last it must have dived a little deeper; for now it appears perpendicularly from the water, with a slowish motion, slightly spiral, the beak and head pressed down along the front of the neck. I compared it in my notes of ten years ago with 'the ghost of a Penguin,' and that comparison is still the best I can think of to give some idea of the strange unreality of its appearance. It then settles down upon the water, and the pair indulge in one of their never-failing bouts of head-shaking.

Two mated birds rejoin each other after a few hours' separation. Simple enough in itself — but what elaboration of detail, what piling-on of little excitements, what purveying of thrills!

Other emotions too can be well studied in this bird, notably jealousy. Several times I have seen little scenes like the following enacted. A pair is floating idly side by side, necks drawn right down so that the head rests on the centre of the back. One — generally, I must admit, it has been the cock, but I think the hen may do so too on occasion — rouses himself from the pleasant lethargy, swims up to his mate, places himself in front of her, and gives a definite, if repressed, shake of the head. It is an obvious sign of his desire to 'have a bit of fun' — to go through with one of those bouts of display and head-shaking in which pleasurable emotion clearly reaches its highest level in the birds' lives, as anyone who has watched their habits with any thoroughness would agree.

It also acts, by a simple extension of function, as an informative symbol. The other bird knows what is meant; it raises its head from beneath its wing, gives a sleepy, barely discernible shake — and replaces the head. In so doing it puts back the possibility of the ceremony and the thrill into its slumbers; for it takes two to make love, for Grebe as for human. The cock swims off; but he has a restless air, and in a minute or so is back again, and the same process or series of events is run through. This may be repeated three or four times.

If now another hen bird, unaccompanied by a mate, reveals herself to the eye of the restless and disappointed cock, he will make for her and try the same insinuating, informative head-shake on her; and, in the cases that I have seen, she has responded, and a bout of shaking has begun. Flirtation — illicit love, if you will; for the Grebe, during each breeding-season at least, is strictly monogamous, and the whole economics of its family life, if I may use the expression, are based on the co-

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operation of male and female in incubation and the feeding and care of the young. On the other hand, how natural and how human! And how harmless — for there is no evidence that the pretty thrills of the head-shaking display ever lead on to anything more serious.

But now observe. Every time that I have seen such a flirtation start, it has always been interrupted. The mate, so sleepy before, yet must have had one eye open all the time. She is at once aroused to action: she dives, and attacks the strange hen after the fashion of Grebes, from below, with an underwater thrust of the sharp beak in the belly. Whether the thrust ever goes home I do not know. Generally, I think, the offending bird becomes aware of the danger just in time, and, squawking, hastily flaps off.

The rightful mate emerges. What does she do now? Peck the erring husband? Leave him in chilly disgrace? Not a bit of it! She approaches with an eager note, and in a moment the two are hard at it, shaking their heads; and, indeed, on such occasions you may see more vigor and excitement thrown into the ceremony than at any other time.

Again we exclaim, how human! And again we see to what a pitch of complexity the bird's emotional life is tuned.

It will have been observed that in the Grebe, whose chief skill lies in its wonderful powers of diving, these powers have been utilized as the raw material of several of the courtship ceremonies. This pressing of the everyday faculties of the bird into the service of emotion, the elevation and conversion of its useful powers of diving and underwater swimming into ceremonials of passion, is from an evolutionary point of view natural enough, and has its counterparts elsewhere.

So in the Divers, not-too-distant relatives of the Grebes, swimming and diving have their rôle in courtship. Here too the thrilling, vertical emergence close to the mate takes place; and there is a strange ceremony in which two or three birds plough their way through the water with body set obliquely — hinder parts submerged, breast raised, and neck stretched forward and head downward with that strange look of rigidity or tension often seen in the courtship actions of birds.

Not only the activities of everyday life, but also those of nest-building, are taken and used to build up the ceremonies of courtship; but, whereas in the former case the actions are simply those which are most natural to and best performed by the bird, in the latter there is, no doubt, actual association between the cerebral centres concerned with nest-building and with sexual emotion in general. Thus we almost invariably find the seizing of nest-material in the beak as a part of courtship, and this is often extended to a presentation of the material to the mate.

This we see in the Grebes, with the dank weeds of which their sodden nest is built; the Divers use moss in the construction of theirs, and the mated birds repair to moss banks, where they nervously pluck the moss, only to drop it again or throw it over their shoulder. Among the Warblers, the males pluck or pick up a leaf or twig, and with this in their beak hop and display before the hens; and the Peewit plucks frenziedly at grass and straws. The Adelie Penguins, so well described by Dr. Levick, make their nests of stones, and use stones in their courtship.

A curious, unnatural transference of object may sometimes be seen in these Penguins. The normal course of things is for this brave but comic creature, having picked up a stone in its beak, to come up before another of opposite sex, and, with stiff bow and absurdly outstretched flippers, to deposit it at the other's feet. When, however, there are

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men near the rookery, the birds will sometimes in all solemnity come up to them with their stone offering and lay it at the feet of the embarrassed or amused human being.

The Adelies do not nest by their natural element the sea, but some way away from it on stony slopes and rock patches; thus they cannot employ their brilliant dives and feats of swimming in courtship, but content themselves, apart from this presentation of household material, with what Dr. Levick describes as 'going into ecstasy' — spreading their flippers sideways, raising their head quite straight upward, and emitting a low humming sound. This a bird may do when alone, or the two birds of a pair may make a duet of it. In any case, the term applied to it by its observer well indicates the state of emotion which it suggests and no doubt expresses.

The depositing of courtship offerings before men by the Penguins shows us that there must be a certain freedom of mental connection in birds. Here an act, properly belonging to courtship, is performed as the outlet, as it were, of another and unusual emotion. The same is seen in many song-birds, who, like the Sedge Warbler, sing loudly for anger when disturbed near their nest; or in the Divers, who, when an enemy is close to the nest, express the violence of their emotion by short sharp dives which flip a fountain of spray into the air — a type of dive also used as a sign of general excitement in courtship.

Or, again, the actions may be performed for their own sake, as we may say: because their performance, when the bird is full of energy and outer conditions are favorable, gives pleasure. The best-known example is the song of song-birds. This is in its origin and essential function a symbol of possession, of a nesting-territory occupied by a male — to other males a notice that 'trespassers will be prosecuted,' to females an invitation to settle, pair, and nest. But in all song-birds, practically without exception, the song is by no means confined to the short period during which it actually performs these functions, but is continued until the young are hatched, often to be taken up again when they have flown, or again after the moult, or even, as in the Song Thrush, on almost any sunny or warm day the year round.

And finally this leads on to what is perhaps the most interesting category of birds' actions — those which are not merely sometimes performed for their own sake, although they possess other and utilitarian function, but actually have no other origin or raison d'être than to be performed for their own sake. They represent, in fact, true play or sport among ourselves; and seem better developed among birds than among mammals, or at least than among mammals below the monkey. True that the cat plays with the mouse, and many young mammals, like kittens, lambs, and kids, are full of play; but the playing with the mouse is more like the singing of birds outside the mating season, a transference of a normal activity to the plane of play; and the play of young animals, as Groos successfully exerted himself to show, is of undoubted use.

To be sure, the impulse to play must be *felt* by the young creature as an exuberance of emotion and spirits demanding expression; but a similar impulse must be felt for all instinctive actions. Psychologically and individually, if if you like, the action is performed for its own sake; but from the standpoint of evolution and of the race it has been originated, or at least perfected, as a practice-ground for immature limbs and a training and keeping ready of faculties that in the future will be needed in earnest.

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We shall best see the difference between mammals' and birds' behavior by giving some examples. A very strange one I saw in a pond near the Egret rookery in Louisiana. Here, among other interesting birds, were the Darters or Water Turkeys, curious-looking relatives of the Cormorants, with long, thin, flexible neck, tiny head, and sharp beak, who often swim with all the body submerged, showing nothing but the snake-like neck above water.

One of these was sitting on a branch of swamp cedar, solitary, and apparently tranquil. But this tranquillity must have been the cloak of boredom. For suddenly the bird, looking restlessly about her, — it was a hen, — began to pluck at the little green twigs near by. She pulled one off in her beak, and then, tossing her head up, threw it into the air, and with dexterous twist caught it again in her beak as it descended. After five or six successful catches she missed the twig. A comic sideways and downward glance at the twig, falling and fallen, in meditative immobility; and then another twig was broken off, and the same game repeated.

She was very clever at catching; the only bird that I have seen come up to her was a Toucan in the Zoo, which could catch grapes thrown at apparently any speed. But then the Toucan had been specially trained — and had the advantage of a huge capacity of bill!

Here again it might, of course, be said that the catching of twigs is a practice for beak and eye, and helps to keep the bird in training for the serious business of catching fish. This is no doubt true; but, as regards the evolution of the habit, I incline strongly to the belief that it must be quite secondary — that the bird, desirous of occupying its restless self in a satisfying way, fell back upon a modification of its everyday activities, just as these are drawn upon in other birds to provide much of the raw material of courtship.

There is no evidence that young Darters play at catching twigs as preparation for their fishing, and until there is evidence of this it is simpler to think that the play habit here, instead of being rooted by the utilitarian dictates of natural selection in the behavior of the species, as with kids or kittens, is a secondary outcome of leisure and restlessness combining to operate with natural aptitude — in other words, true sport, of however simple a kind.

The commonest form of play in birds is flying play. Anyone who has kept his eyes open at the seaside will have seen the Herring Gulls congregate in soaring intersecting spirals where the cliff sends the wind upward. But such flights are nothing compared with those of other birds. Even the staid black-coated Raven may sometimes be seen to go through a curious performance.

One I remember, all alone, flying along the side of a mountain near Oban; but, instead of progressing in the conventional way, he flew diagonally upward for a short distance, then, giving a special croak with something of gusto in it, turned almost completely over on to his back, and descended a corresponding diagonal in this position. Then with a strong flap of the wings he righted himself, and so continued until he disappeared round the shoulder of the hill half a mile on. It reminded me of a child who has learned some new little trick of step or dance-rhythm, and tries it out happily all the way home along the road.

Or again, at the Egret rookery in Louisiana, at evening when the birds returned in great numbers, they came back with steady wing-beats along an aerial stratum about two hundred feet up. Arrived over their nesting-pond, they simply let themselves drop. Their

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plumes flew up behind like a comet's tail; they screamed aloud with excitement; and, not far above the level of the trees, spread the wings so that they caught the air again, and as a result skidded and side-slipped in the wildest and most exciting-looking curves before recovering themselves with a brief upward glide and settling carefully on the branches.

This certainly had no significance for courtship; and I never saw it done save over the pond at the birds' return. It seemed to be simply an entertaining bit of sport grafted on to the dull necessity of descending a couple of hundred feet.

Examples could be multiplied: Rooks and Crows, our solemn English Heron, Curlew, Swifts, Snipe — these and many others have their own peculiar flying sports. What is clear to the watcher is the emotional basis of these sports — a joy in controlled performance, an excitement in rapidity of motion, in all essentials like the pleasure to us of a well-hit ball at golf, or the thrill of a rapid descent on sledge or skis.

For anyone to whom the evolution theory is one of the master-keys to animate nature, there must be an unusual interest in tracing out the development of lines of life that, like the birds', have diverged comparatively early from the line which eventually and through many vicissitudes led to Man.

In the birds as in the mammals, and quite separately in the two groups, we see the evolution not only of certain structural characters such as division of heart, compactness of skeleton, increase of brain-size, not only of physiological characters like warm-bloodedness or efficiency of circulation, but also of various psychical characters. The power of profiting by experience becomes greater, as does that of distinguishing between objects; and there is most markedly an increase in the intensity of emotion. It has somehow been of advantage, direct or indirect, to birds to acquire a greater capacity for affection, for jealousy, for joy, for fear, for curiosity. In birds the advance on the intellectual side has been less, on the emotional side greater: so that we can study in them a part of the single stream of life where emotion, untrammeled by much reason, has the upper hand.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

SHEEP BONES

BY WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

[*To-Day*]

SHEEP that have died on the mountains,
These their bones,
Here, where the falcons hover,
High among stones.

Small, white, eloquent things,
Fleshed once and warm,
Broken and burned and bleached
By sun and storm.

Like goats on the craggy fell-side
They skipped and ran,
Crouched, cropping the short grasses,
Careless of man,

Save when with whistlings and shrills
And sudden cry
The shepherd guided his dogs,
Clear against sky.

Strayed they, weary and sick? They fell
High among stones;
The dawn heard their cries, and the night:
These their bones.

WEDDED

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

AN amber-breasted thrush upon a thorn
Made glad the wind-swept lea
With mellow melody,
To hearten buds and stars and little leaves unborn.

He sang and loved and sang, that throstle blest,
Till from the ivy-tod
His wife cried, 'O my God,
Do stop your noise and help with this here dratted nest!'

MARCH

BY H. H.

[*Morning Post*]

MARCH is the glowing month,
Golden and yellow;
Gorse gilds the down and moor,
Woods shine with willow;
Coltsfoot and celandine
Crown the wild hollow.

Primroses spread the banks
By the full river;
Wakened by sun, the bright
Butterflies hover
Where, in the meadow grass,
Lent lilies quiver.

IN EARLY AUGUST

BY A. Y. CAMPBELL

[*Poems by Four Authors*]

ON August evenings mists arise;
They ease the edge of everything;
They shade the crimson in the skies
And hush the cornfields; and they bring
A mist about my eyes.

Feebly the weed-heap fumes away;
Sweet is the smell but strange and strong.
'T is night; an hour ago 't was day;
Autumn is in a month; how long
Seems it, since it was May?

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

JACKSTRAW LITERATURE

'JACKSTRAW LITERATURE' is a fair title for the extraordinary literary form devised by Mr. Bernard Gilbert, an English writer who, after thirty years' experience of the English countryside, has set himself to catch its spirit and portray its inner life.

Inner life is perhaps just a trifle more fashionable in literature nowadays than it has ever been before. Until his subject's soul is turned wholly inside out no self-respecting modern author feels that he has done his duty by his reader. Mr. Gilbert's methods of literary taxidermy are by no means remarkable for beauty, but they are blessed with novelty — which is a bad literary second best — and they do contrive to set a character's real thoughts over against what he says in a way that is occasionally very revealing.

When he began his 'Old England Series,' now in its fourth volume, Mr. Gilbert took for his ideal what he called the 'God's-eye view' — that is, a cross-section through the minds of all the people in an average English village at a given moment. Assuming omniscience — which, for a really competent modern author is no trick at all — Mr. Gilbert looked into the minds of a hundred or so of the inhabitants of an average English country town and saw the secret thoughts of every one at the same instant. All this he set down in the freest verse so far written.

From this method it was but a step to his more recent device of setting speech and thought side by side, and thence to the very climax of letting several people think and talk all together — realism with a vengeance! — and letting the reader disentangle them as best he could. All quite as in the innocent game of jackstraws.

The 'God's-eye view' is not altogether unlike the notion of Mr. James Joyce, whose books are variously described as masterpieces and abominations. Mr. Joyce would analyze, with a minuteness never attempted before, the stream of one man's consciousness through a period of twenty-four hours. Mr. Gilbert endeavors, on the other hand, to analyze several hundred minds during a single moment. The differences in method are clear enough, but in spite of them the two writers are at one in their preoccupation with what passes in the mind, at one in their effort to set it down exactly as it is, and at one in their supreme indifference to incident.

The 'God's-eye view' works out somewhat in the manner of the tombstones in Edgar Lee Masters's 'Spoon River.' It is a little perplexing to find such various individuals as Masters, James Joyce, Bernard Gilbert, and Marcel Proust all linked in one way or another, and yet all so very different, not merely in literary stature (they all, except Mr. Gilbert, have been acclaimed as geniuses) but also in their methods and means.

Mr. Gilbert differs from all the other three in that he has a political programme. He thinks that England, if it is ever to be happy and prosperous, must go back to the feudal system. He has no use for the capitalist, still less for the Socialist, which perhaps explains why the Chesterton-Belloc *New Witness* is so frequently his publisher.

'I stayed recently with a summer colony of Fabians,' he writes, 'and had

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a good view of the pick of our Communists, Feminists, Conchies, and all the other brands of rebel. They talked faster than I had believed it possible for any human being to talk. Like burst waterpipes! For hours! And all about nothing! If their sentences had been inverted no one would have been the wiser, and in the background their prophet Shaw sat inscrutable, as if wondering what a devil of a brood he had helped to hatch.'

The fourth volume of the Old England Series consists wholly of verse portraits of country folk. An English reviewer, in praising his work, says that 'it is reality, not realism.' But perhaps a few examples are better than much discussion.

One character, 'Ben Topham of Cold Harbor,' describes the attitude of his cow, 'Old Moll,' toward the vexed question of daylight-saving. Many Americans will have a sympathetic feeling for the cow: —

I telled her how the law did fix
As what she thought was five — was six,
I held my watch up to her ear,
She only coughed and did n't care.

Another farmer, 'Amos Barley of Low Barnet,' sings the praises of a pig's expiring squeal, not a fashionable subject for versification among the more conventional poets, although we may yet hear it in symphonic poems if the radical musicians proceed a step or two farther along the way they are now following. It is, however, the future gastronomic delights implied by the squeal that stir the farmer's soul, for

It speaks of sausages and pie,
Of chaps or ham or collared-rhine,
Of good fat bacon — praps a fry —
And best of all the lot — stuffed chine.

Meantime the *New Witness* has published a kind of story in Mr. Gilbert's new medium, in which all his characters talk and think at once. Their words and thoughts are both represented simultaneously. The result is a kind of free-for-all-ideas, which is better reprinted than described. The concluding lines describe the disastrous end of a runaway. A farmer has taken a lady buggy-riding — an archaic pastime once popular — with the laudable intention of proposing to her. Tragedy intervenes, but the tragedy (as Mr. Gilbert renders it) is by no means harrowing, has at least the virtue of realism, and, for those who enjoy a literary version of the old-fashioned game of jackstraws, is thoroughly amusing. The characters' words, be it said, are printed in italics, their thoughts in ordinary type. The whole of the following extract occurs in a single moment. All the thoughts and all the speeches are simultaneous, and the characters' words and thoughts have to be extracted with all the care of somebody's grandmother, as a young girl, withdrawing a single jackstraw from a tangled pile of its companions.

Hannah Toller: Is Williamson hurt? Whatevers the matter? *Let me come*
William Wynn: *What the hells up now? Whos hurt? Lawyer Ferrett? No!*
Albert Mervyn: *Someone hurt? Who is it?* Not a riot surely I must go
Andrew Clarke: *Its a smash! Somebody drunk? What Jones? Who? What*
Jocelyn Cross: Heavens *whos killed? Who? Constable Toller? No! You*
Aaron Toynbee: *Stop. What the — somebody hurt? What say? I cant see a*
Jonas Kelly: *Dont push. Theres a fight on.. Ill knock your bloody nose*
Piggy Smithson: *A row. Mind my wheel. What is it? A horse down? Whose?*
Solomon Dane: *Whats that? Whos killed. Mrs. Todd? Nonsense. I dont*
Luke Fletcher: Its somebody drunk I expect *Young Todd! Of course it*
Nick Kennington: *What is it? Lets have a look then. Who. Saul Gorman?*
Kenneth Ham: *Hold her there Rufus. A smash I think. That corners*
Dame Peach: *More drunks. Who is it Mr. Dane? I cant see. You dont say*

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Sidney Brown: *Steady mare! Somebodys down. Thats Lufton Rax. I can see*
Mrs. S. Brown: *Whos that screaming Sidney? Its a woman hurt. Can you see*
Joe Thompson: *Now what?* Late as it is *I can see Lufton Rax and a girl*
Beefbone Bavin: *Another bloody row. Lets have a look mate. Whos won?*
Samuel Lupton: *Please don't push me. How can I get away when youre so*
David Farrow: *Cant see who it is. Theres Sidney Browns trap. Perhaps*
Stamper Ablewhite: *somebody cut his throat! Golly! You dont say so. Lets*
Cartwright Burrows: *Its Lufton Rax, Mr. Bell, Somebodys hurt. I believe*
Jerry Grace: *Im not the only one. By God hes dead. I tell you hes*
Joseph Daniels: I must lend a hand. *Stand back there. Stand back there*
Algernon Edgerley: Theyre all looking at something and I can slip past
Mrs. Boldero: *How disgusting. Always the drink. But we shall put a stop*
D. Zambra: *How can I get my barrow away if you dont. What? Killed? Who*
Emery Stamp: *Now for a push. Lets look. By God hes dead. Whos done that*
Duncan Harper: *I dunno. Somebody fighting I fancy. They always do on*
Kibby Knott: *Stand off my bloody feet then. Ive as much right to look*
Charlie Gray: *Knocked his bloody head clean off I tell you. All the*
Doctor Bookey: *Please let me through. If somebodys hurt Id better look*
Obadiah Jackstraw: More drunks but not on my beer though. *Whats that?*
Timothy Lubbock: *Market merry. Boys will be boys. Oh poor chap; you dont*

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REVOLT IN JAPANESE ART

A NEW book on Japan from the pen of Professor James H. Cousins, recently of Keio University, is now in press at Madras, India. One of the most interesting chapters is devoted to Japanese painting and painters. In this Professor Cousins describes the so-called 'revolt' — for this fashionable attitude has spread even to the Far East — in Japanese art. In the Occident artists revolt against Western standards. In the East they revolt *to* Western standards. But, if we may trust Professor Cousins, the results are not altogether unlike. Indeed, one exhibition which he saw he describes as 'not a revolt but a dreadful Nemesis.'

The Western scholar was escorted by the Japanese Yone Noguchi. His long residence in the United States, where he was once a member of the household of Joaquin Miller, the so-called 'poet of the Sierras,' made him an admirable guide. But Western art as rendered by the Japanese brush has few charms for Professor Cousins. 'I was overcome by a feeling of resentment,' he writes, 'that I had traveled eleven thousand miles from Liverpool to "the home of art" to have set before me the same cut lemons that sour every amateur exhibition in Great Britain and Ireland; the same groupings of "still life" that shrieked a spurious "realism"; the same inane "Portrait of Mrs. Toplady" translated into "Madame Tometo." Noguchi's declaration, "We are merely imitative," began to jeer at me as I realized the devastating truth that this "revolt" had not merely run away from classical Japan, but had bolted head down into the arms of the bad angel of Western art — and had painted the Devil more ebon than his "customary suit of solemn black."

'The label "Western Section" was a libel; it was not Western art; it was a Japanese annexation of the most rudimentary elements in Western art-schools, elements that were carried some degrees lower in the scale of bad art than their prototypes could achieve. The heavier hand and duller sensibility of the West can bring great æsthetic effects out of its materials in its own way; but the attempts of the light organism and delicate sensibility of Japan to ape both the method and subject-matter of the West had resulted in a number of doughy works that might almost have come from a baker's kneading-bowl instead of a school of painting.'

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After he had seen the exhibition, Professor Cousins bethought him of a shrewd name invented by the editors of the *Japan Year Book* for the present period in their national art: 'the era of chaos.' Later on he had the privilege of discussing modern Japanese art with Yokoyama Taikwan, one of the foremost Japanese artists of the day. 'How is it,' he asked the painter, 'that you, the foremost progressive painter in Japan to-day, as I have been told, have shown me half-a-dozen pictures here, the subjects of which I have, in my short study of Japanese art, seen many times in the works of other artists both past and present?'

To this the painter replied: 'It is because we Japanese have no originality. We do not invent or think. We take pleasure in going over and over the same subjects. Our art is all in its technique. We look to India for ideas.'

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ENGLISH PLACE-NAMES

THE survey of English place-names carried on by Professor Allen Mawer of the University of Liverpool has yielded some very interesting results. The complete report of the survey is by no means ready for publication, but Professor Mawer has written a short summary of his work for *Discovery* — a London magazine which is doing a great deal to make the results of scientific investigation available in a form 'comprehended of the people.'

In general, English place-names are divisible into two main types. They are either descriptive of the site itself, or else are names of a founder, owner, or tenant. Only rarely can the individuals for whom places are named be identified. Bamburg is known to have been named after Baebba, the queen of Aethelfrith of Bernicia, and Portsmouth, according to legend, is named for Port, one of the leaders of the Saxon invasion of Hampshire; but as a rule the individual honored in the name is to-day nothing more than a name.

Among the names which describe localities, the earliest are river-names. In Saxon land-grants localities are frequently given not at such and such a place, but beside a certain river. The natural result of this is that a great many English towns bear river-names. Sometimes the name of a river has been restricted to a single place on its banks. This is true of Watchet, Frome, and Darenth. Sometimes a whole series of villages standing on a stream have been named for it, and then a second element has had to be added to distinguish them from each other. In Kent there is a whole series of towns known respectively as North Cray, Foots Cray, St. Paul's Cray, St. Mary's Cray; in Wiltshire Winterbournes, in Gloucestershire Colns, and in Devonshire Clysts.

In Essex there is a curious example of naming settlements for a river, although the old river-name has long vanished. To-day the stream is known as the Wid, but the towns of Ingatestone, Ingrave, Frierning, Margaretting, and Mountnessing, which stand on its banks, hint at what it once was called.

The Norman invaders seem to have left less impression on the place-names of the country they conquered than the earlier Saxon invaders. In general, their names are by no means so interesting, although the reasons for them are often far clearer. Among the Norman names is Malpas (bad ford), which seems to have followed an earlier English name, Deep batch. There is also Malsis (the ill-placed seat). In Essex some Norman with a sense of humor appears to use Beaumont as a successor to an earlier Saxon Foul pit.

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BOOKS ABROAD

La Russie Nouvelle, by Edouard Herriot. Paris: J. Ferenczi et Fils, 1923.

[*L'Europe Nouvelle*]

In his dedication to the editor-in-chief of *Le Petit Parisien*, which printed his brilliant articles, M. Herriot, the Communist Deputy and Mayor of Lyon, who recently visited Moscow, writes: 'I have jotted down my notes indifferent whether they please or displease.' To-day he knows what it costs to tell frankly what you have seen and to write what you think. An avalanche of criticism has descended upon him. In Russian émigré circles fault is found with him because of his robust optimism as to the possibility of the recovery of Russia through the Soviet Government. He is also accused of some opinions too hastily formed, for his rather careless documentation, for his credulity with regard to certain statements by the People's Commissars. Among French political circles, all those who make anti-Bolshevism their electoral platform cannot forgive him for having destroyed legends which would have been useful in future electoral campaigns, and M. Herriot appears to them not as a private investigator but as an official ambassador of the French Radical Social Party to the Soviets.

It would be obviously childish to assert that M. Herriot's work deserves no criticism. The chief administrator of the City of Lyon is a man of too realistic mind, who has gone too deeply into the complexities of social organization, to believe himself, or to make anyone else believe, that a voyage of a few weeks was enough for him to see everything, and that the immense expanse of Russia in the midst of its fermentation can be 'comprehended' in less than three hundred pages without difficulties. But, after all, what was the purpose of the investigator? To do a historian's work? Not at all. His purpose was more modest and more practical. It was to awaken a public opinion which was too much inclined to set up a cross over, and to wait for the fall of, the Soviets. It was to counsel the French Government to practise a policy of expediency.

Like the earlier inquiry of Mlle. Louise Weiss, this book by the author of *Agir* is valuable. It has not yet achieved its object. France does not yet have in Moscow the economic delegation that she ought to have to avoid being outdistanced by other countries. But little by little the problem of Franco-Russian relations emerges from the realm of diplomatic fiction into everyday reality. It is escaping from the learned complications of international law and becoming 'businesslike,' as the English say. M. Herriot ought to be proud of his first success. He has contrived to have a Soviet pavilion introduced at the fair at Lyon, and yet France has not been inundated by a wave of Bolshevism.

A Handbook of Cookery, by Jessie Conrad. Preface by Joseph Conrad. London: Heinemann, 1923. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1923. $1.75.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

A book which is concerned with the production of tempting breakfast-dishes, the making of stuffings, the frying of fish, and the serving of spinach as it is served only in France, does not call for review unless it be by a culinary expert. One who is nothing of the sort can only say of Mrs. Conrad's book that it makes the mouth water, which seems to suggest that it is very good of its kind.

It has, however, a special claim to distinction such as the work of Mrs. Beeton, and even that of Dr. Kitchener, lacked — a preface by a writer who has the recipe, not, perhaps, for making a perfect mayonnaise, but for giving a peculiar charm to everything to which he turns his attention. In this case, Mr. Joseph Conrad has given us his views upon cookery in general by way of calling our attention to the more technical matter which the volume contains.

He maintains, in a wonderful spirit of abnegation, that the only books which, from a moral point of view, are above suspicion, are cookery books — the only books which can have no possible purpose but to increase the happiness of mankind. In the same breath, however, he confesses, as every honest man must confess, that he finds it impossible to read through a cookery book. In the case of this one, he offers himself, 'modestly but gratefully, as a Living Example' of the author's practice, and boldly declares that practice most successful — which, his modesty forbids him to add, gives her a claim on the gratitude of all of us.

The Far Eastern Republic of Siberia, by Henry Kittredge Norton. London: George Allen and Unwin, 1923. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

The Far Eastern Republic of Siberia gives, in far more detail than has yet been recorded, the history of the rise and development of the Siberian Republic east of Lake Baikal. In spite of an obvious prejudice against the Japanese, whose actions in Siberia it is premature to criticize without access to documents, and in spite of an almost painful attempt to be impartial, the author gives a very full and interesting account of

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the main problems of this new State — a State that has steered a careful course between Bolshevism and reaction, and shows markedly the sound sense of the Russian peasants who have created it and who, in the main, are directing its destinies toward peace and recuperation.

Poems by Four Authors, by J. R. Ackerley, A. Y. Campbell, Edward L. Davison, Frank N. Kendon. Cambridge: Bowes and Bowes, 1923. 6*s*.

[*Spectator Literary Supplement*]

It was inevitable that, in choosing to send out their work in a collective volume, these four poets should challenge comparison; and although, in a note, they overtly deny 'any common interest,' two at least share something in common. For Messrs. Campbell and Davison poetry seems to imply the determined excision of anything resembling a plainly stated emotion. Mr. Campbell has considerable metrical felicity and, when engaged upon a simple theme, he can be delicate in his verse. 'In Early August' is an example of such successful simplicity.

Mr. Davison knows the immaculate word and loves the convolutions of intricate thought. One poem he calls 'A Prospect of Retrospect,' and another ends: —

> 'I scarce remember or believe
> I ever thought that it could last,
> And grieve because I cannot grieve.'

But such intertwist and jugglery, however interesting, are scarcely the stuff of lyric poetry. Mr. Davison has a fresh, delightful feeling for lyric form; but he seems obstinately to shun the lyric content.

In some ways Mr. Ackerley is just as clever; but 'Ghosts' proves that he is sure enough of himself not to be afraid of the direct statement of an emotion. Indeed, 'Ghosts' is the most completely successful poem in the book: its metre is interesting, its sentiment delicately handled, and its unity neatly contrived. Quotation is impossible from the poem. Mr. Ackerley has a distinct dramatic sense and consequently in the sonnet form he is not too happy.

Many of the poems by which Mr. Kendon is here represented reveal him as the most sensitive poet of the four, the most human and the most cognizant of what is the true stuff of poetry. If 'Passover' is bound to be the favorite with many, 'Ophelia' is the finer, stronger poem: —

> 'Cover her in: her love and her grief strove together,
> Now, reconciled, they sleep, bedfellows complacent:
> Cover her in: her sighing ceased with her singing,
> And Death on a cool stream his garlanding gave.'

Mr. Kendon is experimental. 'I Spend My Days Vainly' is, however, more than an interesting example of assonantal rhyming; it is a good lyric: —

> 'O tarry for me, sweet;
> I shall stir, I shall wake!
> And the melody you seek
> Shall be lovely, though late.'

And of the four poets he is the ablest sonneteer. He can curb the emotional content with a strong hand and drive the difficult measure easily to its close. The twelve sonnets given are from 'a sequence unpublished.' If they are fairly representative, one hopes soon to have the pleasure of seeing the whole sequence.

[A poem from this book appears on A Page of Verse.]

BOOKS ANNOUNCED

Highways and Byways Series. London and New York: Macmillan Company, 1923. A pocket edition of this famous series of travel books which has served many a pedestrian and cyclist in the English counties. The new edition will include six of the most popular volumes: *Surrey, Kent, Sussex, Oxford and the Cotswolds, Dorset*, and *Devon and Cornwall*.

Kipling, Rudyard. *Irish Guards in the Great War*. New York and London: Macmillan Company, 1923. Just issued and not yet reviewed. Mr. Kipling is said to have put his utmost energy and enthusiasm into his work on this famous regiment. He has been studying the history of the Guards and writing the book for many months.

Lang, Andrew. *Collected Poems*. London: Longmans, 1923.

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